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John Howard.


CORRESPONDENCE
OF
JOHN HOWARD,
THE PHILANTHROPIST,

NOT BEFORE PUBLISHED.

WITH A BRIEF MEMOIR AND ILLUSTRATIVE
ANECDOTES.

BY
THE REV. J. FIELD, M.A.
CHAPLAIN OF THE BERKSHIRE GAOL.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.
1855.



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PREFACE.

FOUR years since it was the privilege of the writer to publish a biography of John Howard — that Christian philanthropist whose character from childhood he had learned to admire, of whose principles — especially as applicable to prison discipline — he had in former publications been the humble advocate, and to promote the adoption of whose plans his earnest efforts through many years have been directed.

After the publication of that biography the author was informed of the correspondence which has occasioned the present volume, and he feels it to be as well a duty as a further privilege thus to publish many of Howard's letters referring to subjects of importance, and perhaps more characteristic, and therefore more

interesting, than any which have before appeared.

The Philanthropist spent the last months of his life, and died, on the borders of the Crimea; and recent events impart much additional interest to his references to that country, as well as to his more full description of the cruelties perpetrated and sufferings endured by the Russian soldiery soon after its capture, and during the continuance of their warfare with the Turks.

These letters are most of them addressed to Howard's endeared friend and relative, Samuel Whitbread*, whose talent, integrity, and Christian benevolence rendered him worthy of such unreserved communications. Directed by his advice, encouraged by his commendation, and assisted from his pecuniary resources, the Philanthropist was enabled to achieve much which without such counsel and co-operation

* It is to the kindness of Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave, a great grand-daughter of Mr. Whitbread, that I am indebted for the opportunity of making public this correspondence.

might never have been accomplished. Other correspondence is with Lady Mary Whitbread and with Mr. Whatley, who was associated with Howard as commissioner for building penitentiaries; whilst the interest of the collection is increased by letters of Mr. Whitbread, one from Sir Joshua Reynolds concerning Howard's monument in St. Paul's, and another from Cowper respecting a monument proposed at Cherson, and which is accompanied by an epitaph prepared by the poet.

To some extent the present volume must be considered an appendix to the author's *Life of Howard*; but although he omits much of the narrative and all letters before published, yet to render this work more complete in itself—and he trusts even more interesting—he has extracted a brief memoir, and several anecdotes illustrative of circumstances referred to in the correspondence.

CORRESPONDENCE, ETC.

OF

J O H N H O W A R D,

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

JOHN HOWARD—known in every civilised nation as the Philanthropist—was born at Enfield *, Sep. 2. 1726. His father was a wealthy citizen of London, and an upholsterer, and appears to have descended from a branch of the noble families of his name. He was elected sheriff of Middlesex in 1742 ; but his principles as a dis-

* Howard's birthplace has been questioned ; and it is inscribed on his monument in St. Paul's that he was born at Hackney. I have been favoured with a copy of the family register, part of which is in Howard's own handwriting, and this records that he was born at Enfield.

senter prevented his fulfilling the requirements of that office, and he paid the fine usually imposed upon those who decline to serve. He inherited an estate at Cardington, in Bedfordshire; and the subject of our Memoir having lost his mother during his early infancy, was nurtured by the tenant of a cottage on that estate.

Although of a weak constitution, young Howard became in time robust enough for school. The choice of a tutor was unfortunate, and his early instruction was grievously neglected; nor, although subsequently placed under the tuition of Mr. Eames, a person of high attainments, and faithful to his trust, was the loss of time and of proper discipline ever repaired. It was not without reason that Howard throughout life lamented his defective education. When about sixteen years of age, he was apprenticed to a wholesale grocer in Watling Street, rather, it appears, with a view to his obtaining a knowledge of business, than with the intention of his pursuing a trade, since 700*l.* were paid as a premium; and, with the

privilege of separate apartments, a servant and two saddle horses were provided.

Before the appointed term of apprenticeship had expired, Howard's father died, bequeathing him such property as induced him to free himself from all mercantile engagements. By his father's will, he was not to receive his fortune until he attained his twenty-fourth year; but so remarkable was his discretion and prudence, that the executors entrusted him with the management of his estate some years earlier than the time appointed.

The residence of his late father was in a dilapidated condition, and the superintendence of its repairs was his first care. Those employed in this work shared the first-fruits of his benevolence, and witnessed the earnest of that philanthropy, which was ere long to embrace the world.

With the natural desire to become acquainted with foreign countries, Howard now made a tour of France and Italy. He was absent about two years, but no account of his travels on this occasion has been preserved. He col-

lected many pictures and works of art, which, in after years, adorned his seat at Cardington.

On his return, he was induced, from ill health, to take lodgings at Stoke Newington, where he studied the less abstruse branches of Natural Philosophy and the theory of medicine. From the latter, as the sequel will show, he derived much advantage, both as respects preventing infection when visiting prisons and hospitals, and as qualifying him to prescribe effectively for many sufferers. He was also at this time put upon a rigid regimen of diet, which was the foundation of that abstinence for which he was ever afterwards remarkable. But these benefits of his affliction were infinitely surpassed by the spiritual blessings then imparted. His religious impressions were confirmed. He became acquainted with God as his reconciled Father. Communion with Him was maintained, and love towards Him was thenceforth combined with philanthropy; so that, when health was restored, it was consecrated to the service of God and the good of men.

Howard's illness had increased through the

negligence and misconduct of his hostess, and he therefore removed to the house of Mrs. Sarah Lardeau, a widow of small independent property. By her he was treated with much care, and was soon convalescent. Full of gratitude, he felt unable to repay such kindness; and believing that he owed the preservation of his life—next to the goodness of Him who gave it—to the tender hand which had ministered to his comfort, on his recovery he made this lady an offer of marriage. He was then in his twenty-fifth year, whilst she was more than twice that age, and more sickly than himself; yet in vain did her prudence prompt a refusal, Howard strenuously pressed his suit, and in 1752 they were married. It appears that he lived happily with an intelligent, amiable, and pious wife about three years; when the sincere love he cherished towards her whilst living, was followed by submissive lamentation at her death, and the recollection of her excellent qualities often led him to speak of her with affection and respect.

His generosity was strikingly exhibited on

this occasion. He settled the whole of his late wife's property on her sister ; and having determined on another tour, he distributed his household furniture amongst the poor and afflicted in the neighbourhood, as memorials of one through whom they had been accustomed to receive relief.

Apart from his benevolence, there was a seriousness of mind which, without any morbid despondency, rendered scenes of desolation and sadness more congenial to him than those of prosperity and enjoyment. Lisbon had just been overthrown ; it had become a vast sepulchre, and was smouldering in the ruin of a recent earthquake. The devastation seemed attractive, and thither, having embarked in "the Hanover packet," he now steered his course. This, however, was not the appropriate sphere for the growing philanthropy of Howard. He might have sympathised with the survivors in Lisbon, but could not have relieved them ; a vain expenditure of grief was therefore prevented by an overruling Providence, and he became a witness and a sharer in

wretchedness and woe of a kind which he might afterwards mitigate or avert. Chosen of God to be His minister of mercy to the prisoner and the captive, he must experience the misery of their condition, that he may learn to apply means of relief. Accordingly, he had not sailed far, before the vessel was captured by a French privateer, and he became a prisoner of war. His captors treated him with great cruelty; for, after having been kept forty hours without food or water, he was carried into Brest, and confined with the other prisoners in the castle of that place. Here his hardships were not at all diminished; for after being cast, with the crew and the rest of the passengers, into a loathsome dungeon, and there shut up a considerable time longer without nourishment, a joint of mutton was at length thrown into the midst of them, which, for want of even a single knife, they were obliged to tear in pieces, and gnaw like dogs. Howard, unwilling to increase the indignation which this treatment must have excited, omits this

circumstance in the description he has himself given of this event and its consequences.

“In the castle at Brest,” he says in a note found in his “First Book on Prisons,” “I lay six nights upon straw; and observing how cruelly my countrymen were used there, and at Morlaix, whither I was carried next, during the two months I was at Carpaix upon parole, I corresponded with the English prisoners at Brest, Morlaix and Dinnan: at the last of those towns were several of our ship’s crew, and my servant. I had sufficient evidence of their being treated with such barbarity that many hundreds had perished; and that thirty-six were buried in a hole at Dinnan in one day. Perhaps what I suffered on this occasion increased my sympathy with the unhappy people (prisoners), whose case is the subject of this book.”

The needful lesson was thus learned, and Howard’s captivity was not prolonged. The cruelty of the authorities did not conceal from them traits in his character which proved him trustworthy, and he was released on parole.

When liberated, however, he was penniless; but the same Almighty Preserver who gave him favour with the keepers of the prison, provided a friend who supplied his wants, upon the simple promise of repayment. He was soon after allowed to visit England, upon giving his word of honour that he would return, unless a naval officer should be released in exchange.

On his arrival, he restrained the congratulations of his friends until the proposed conditions of his remaining had been satisfactorily arranged. This having been effected, he went to reside on the paternal estate at Cardington, which was further endeared to him as the home of childhood; and he determined upon its improvement and extension. An adjoining farm was purchased, and he spent some months in superintending necessary alterations, advancing the welfare of his tenants, and especially in administering to the wants of the poor and dependant. Now, too, he had further leisure for those literary pursuits in which he had before found relaxation and pleasure; and for

engaging in which an additional stimulus had been created by his election to a fellowship of the Royal Society, which took place May 13th, 1756. Howard appreciated this distinction, and proved himself deserving of the honour by rendering all the service in his power. If his mental capacity and education did not qualify him for research and discovery in abstruse matters of science, he would, nevertheless, contribute his quota of information—the result of observation and experiment. Accordingly, we find three papers of his were published in the “Philosophical Transactions.”

But whilst the occupations of Howard at this time were interesting to his own mind, and advantageous to others, he felt that a companion in his tranquil enjoyment, and a help-mate in his charitable efforts, was needful to his welfare. One suitable in all respects was ere long found. “My second wife,” he writes in the register before referred to, “was Henrietta Leeds, whom a good God gave me the 2nd of May, 1758.” This lady was the daughter of Edward Leeds, Esq., of Croxton, a sergeant-at-

law. She is described as having been highly intelligent, exemplary in her Christian conduct, and most affectionate; ever conforming to her husband's wishes, and cheerfully assisting in the execution of his benevolent designs.

The house at Cardington had been enlarged and tastefully furnished; its chief decorations were purchased on the Italian tour, and the linen was the homespun produce of the aged and infirm in neighbouring cottages. To this abode of comfort Howard brought his bride; and there for a time they lived—the happiness of mutual affection being enhanced by their united efforts for the welfare of those around them, and still more increased by their holy communing with God. But such felicity as was theirs is seldom lasting: it was soon interrupted by the failing health of Mrs. Howard, to restore which a warmer climate was recommended. An estate at Watcombe, near Lymington, was therefore purchased for 7000*l*. The change, however, proved unfavourable, and after three years Cardington was again their home.

As, during his residence in Hampshire, the poor and afflicted found in Howard a continual friend and benefactor, so, on his return to Bedfordshire, charitable exertions were renewed, and further plans for the advantage of his tenants and dependants soon adopted. As a landlord his conduct was exemplary. The village of Cardington is reported to have been sunk in profligacy and vice at the time he went to his estate. Some causes of that depravity were easily discerned, and amongst the most conspicuous was the wretched want of accommodation in the cottages of the poor. There, as every where, misery and crime were the consequences of that promiscuous crowding, without respect to age, sex, or circumstances, whereby modesty is first destroyed, lewdness ere long usurps its place, all self-respect is lost, the moral sense perverted, and thus the very foundations of virtue are undermined.

Howard was economical in his own expenditure, and could, therefore, afford to be munificent to those in need. His alms were always proportioned to his means, and additional

mercies were so many incentives to active benevolence. Gratitude enforced generosity. He remembered that he had freely received, and therefore did he freely give. It must not, however, be supposed that his gifts were indiscriminately bestowed. They were liberally poured forth like a stream that would not stagnate — silent, deep, and rapid — yet steadily directed in the proper channel. Mere poverty, irrespective of the cause, did not entitle its victim to his bounty. The sick, the disabled, and the aged were its special objects: idleness was hateful to him, but industry found in him a ready patron. Those capable of supporting themselves must make the effort, if they would find in Howard a friend and helper. He would give employment, and so grant the opportunity; but he was ever anxious to make the indigent more provident, and less dependant. The plan he adopted in furnishing and often replenishing his house with the linen from the village looms, to an extent far beyond necessary demands, illustrates the principle upon which he continually acted, and which was further carried

out in the improvement of his house and grounds.

The following will be read with interest, not merely as a simple description of his pursuits at this time, but as being his earliest extant letter :

“Cardington, Oct. 27. 1762.

“Dear Sir,

“Your obliging letter I received, enclosing 30*l*. for half a-year’s interest to Michaelmas last.

“It always gives us great pleasure to hear of Mrs. Whitbread’s and your welfare. We have lately got the workmen clear of the house for this year, and hope to complete my small habitation. We find it more comfortable and suitable to our small family than Watcombe, and I hope we are fixed for what time Providence shall allot us. I have my books and instruments comfortably about me, and I hope for more time to enjoy them. I have ten or a dozen hands digging and preparing for my autumn planting. I shall be at the Barns to see your firs, and perhaps order a clump or two, which are more agreeable than rows. R. Brown is stopping the windows, &c. in your chancel; if he pave it with stone, I shall be content that he remove every stone that cracks or scales by that time twelvemonth. The clock indeed goes very

badly, but having yesterday seen the works, I doubt not, if properly regulated, it will go well.

“I bless God I am well. Harriet (Henrietta) has had a swelled face, and is under Fleming’s management. I am obliged to be in town for a few days in about a month, when I shall bring her, and undoubtedly call in Chiswell St.; being, with our sincere respects, dear Sir,

“ Your affectionate

“ J. HOWARD.

“ Samuel Whitbread, Esq.

“ Chiswell Street, London.”

The grounds and garden of Cardington, as we might infer from the number of labourers employed, were well arranged, and preserved with care. The proposed firs were planted, and soon formed a shady grove; and near them a rustic building was constructed, to which Howard often retired. Near this a simple memorial of these works was afterwards erected by Mr. Whitbread, on the pedestal of which was this inscription: —

“ This garden was formed, the root house built, and the trees which overshadow and adorn them, were planted, in 1762, by JOHIN HOWARD, THE

PHILANTHROPIST, who lived for many years in this retirement, before his virtuous energies were called into action ; and he quitted it to become the benefactor of mankind.

“To this spot he eagerly returned to pass the interval between those labours which ended in his death, and have ensured to him a guiltless and imperishable fame.”

Another benefit conferred by Howard was the establishment of village schools ; and whilst their patron prudently affixed limits to the secular instruction imparted, he was most careful that all the children of his parish, being educated as Christians, should lead a godly life. Nor was moral and religious discipline confined to the children of his dependants : adults must also conform as a condition of tenantry. Self-denial, sobriety, and obedience must distinguish their behaviour. The public house must be relinquished, gambling must be given up, the cock-pit and the prize-fight abjured, and thenceforth a recompense was found in the favour, protection, and friendship of their benefactor.

Hence, as described in a contemporary periodical —

“Cardington, which seemed at one time to contain the abodes of poverty and wretchedness, soon became one of the neatest villages in the kingdom; exhibiting all the pleasing appearances of competency and content, the natural rewards of industry and virtue.*

We must now revert to a period of most painful interest in Howard's life. Blessed with an affectionate partner, with a competent fortune, living in peace, and revered by his dependents, what human lot could be more enviable than his! But Howard lacked one blessing—he was childless: and often, we may believe, in his prosperity was prayer offered that it might not cease with himself, but that a son might be granted to share and inherit it. At length the prayer was answered; and this appeared to complete all that was wanting to his happiness. But unalloyed felicity was not fit for Howard, nor perhaps for any man in this state of probation; and therefore the last

* Universal Magazine, vol. lxxxvi.

blessing which filled his soul with delight entailed affliction in its most painful form. His beloved wife gave birth to a son, and notwithstanding previous weakness, appeared to be strong and doing well. The pain and peril seemed, and was said to be, past. Four days after, the fond husband, full of joy and gratitude, goes to the house of God, and there gives thanks: with joy augmented, as it ever is, by praise given to God, its author, he hastens from the church to that chamber, the scene of mercy, and where, with one who shared his happiness, he would join in the repetition of his praise. But the pious purpose is prevented. His wife becomes worse. She suddenly expires in those arms just before uplifted in gratitude for her deliverance! Words would be wasted in any attempt to describe the anguish of Howard's heart, and he has left us no record of his grief. His register, to which we again refer, says: —

“John, my son was born about four o'clock, March 27. 1765. Sabbath evening, March 31. 1765, died the dear Mother. Unaffected piety,

meekness, and goodness ran through her whole life. Oh God, sanctify the dear memorial! Thy grace imparting the same temper and mind; that we both, by Thine unbounded goodness in and through Jesus Christ, may be followers of her faith and patience, and be for ever with the Lord.—Oh glorious day!

The time was now approaching when Howard must go forth on his mission of mercy; and this painful bereavement prepared his way. The beloved obstacle was removed by Him, who, through the abundance of consolation, could recompense the loss. The strongest bond which attached him to his native land and his narrow sphere was broken; his domestic ties were loosened, that his duties might be enlarged; and the love which, though not concentrated in one, was almost circumscribed in its agency by limits in which her efforts could be united with his own, was now to be diffused, and to pour forth its benign and powerful influence upon a suffering world.

But if in his bereaved condition, Howard was cast down and desolate, there was an oc-

casional interruption to the sad stillness of his home, the feeble voice of one surviving which forbade the listlessness of indulged grief, and, whilst it consoled with the assurance that he was not alone, called forth exertion, and reminded of duty. The mourner was thus aroused, and the energy of Howard's character combined with paternal affection, prompted him, even in the *infancy* of his child, not only to discharge the father's duty, but to enter upon the task for which maternal tenderness is so much wanted. This was a mistake ; and the results, as the sequel will show, were the most disastrous. The peculiar excellences in Howard's character which so eminently qualified him for the former, as much unfitted him for the latter office. It was his conviction that the management of children should commence in the first months of life. Dr. Aikin tells us that "according to his ideas, education had place from the very first dawn of the mental faculties." The opinion was right, but the want of experience caused him to err in its application. Howard, through the early loss of his own

mother and his imperfect education, had neither witnessed the force of maternal endearment, nor otherwise learned this lesson. His theory of education was based upon a principle, and he was therefore uncompromising. Hence that education was not the leading of love, it was the attempt to coerce. Restraint, compulsion, and chastisement were applied too soon. The consequence of this premature discipline was that his son became submissive and obedient throughout his boyhood, but renounced subjection in youth, became profligate, and ere long imbecile. Whilst under parental authority fear influenced his conduct, and it was fair and promising; but no sooner was the outward restraint gone and temptation presented, than vicious inclinations were indulged, and defied subjection; there was no principle disposing to their resistance and promoting self-control: they hurried their victim into gross sensualities; the enfeebled mind gave way, and madness followed — a melancholy, but withal, a most instructive lesson to even the best of parents, that paternal restraint must be founded upon

filial love rather than fear, if they would so influence the child's conduct as rightly to form the character.

Far be it from the writer to say a word in defence of that abuse with which Howard has been assailed.* If there were reasons to suppose the subject of our Memoir defective as a parent, it was in his want of judgment, not in any deficiency of love,—the probable result of circumstances, and the source of most bitter sorrow.

Some months of the year 1767 were spent by Howard at Bath, where he prepared his "Observations on the Heat of the Waters," which were published by the Royal Society. The following spring he travelled through Holland, and then resumed the duties of his home, the direction of his schools, and the oversight of his estate. Finding that he could not entirely educate his son, he judiciously placed him under the care of a lady at Cheshunt. But the gloom of Cardington, when no longer

* In the larger volume of his Life, pp. 47—59., I have vindicated Howard from these aspersions.

relieved by the playfulness of his beloved child, produced depression and endangered health; and Howard was induced to embark for another continental tour. He proposed to revisit Italy, and landing at Calais, he went through France to Geneva, where he remained a few weeks, and thence proceeded to Milan. And here he began those records of the scenes he visited, the feelings they excited, and the effects produced, which happily have been preserved.* The self-examination and sense of responsibility, which were induced or increased by this practice, caused him to abandon his purpose, and having reached Turin, he determined not to extend his tour. His motives for this change and the solemn impressions upon his mind are given in the following extract:—

“Turin, 1769, Nov. 30.

“My return without seeing the southern parts of Italy was after much deliberation. I feared a misimprovement of a talent spent for mere curiosity, at the loss of many Sabbaths; and as many

* See Extracts from this Journal in Life of Howard, pp. 63—69.

donations must be suspended for my pleasure, which would have been, as I hope, contrary to the general conduct of my life; and which, on a retrospective view on a deathbed, would cause pain, as unbecoming a *Disciple of Christ*, whose mind should be formed in my soul;—these thoughts, with distance from my dear boy, determine me to check my curiosity.”

Having recrossed the Alps, Howard returned to Paris, where he was hospitably entertained by our ambassador Lord Harcourt. Thence he proceeded to Holland; but on his arrival at the Hague he felt that he had not sufficiently recruited his strength to allow him to return. His constitution was enfeebled, and it appears that the excitement produced by the very anticipation of delight at again seeing his beloved child, and of melancholy reminiscences, when he should reach Cardington, so affected him that he was compelled to reconsider his plans, and felt obliged to act upon his original intention, and again visit Italy. Accordingly he proceeded by a circuitous route to Rome, where he arrived in May, 1770. Thence, after a few days, he went to Naples, and on his return to

Rome addressed the following letter to Lady Mary Whitbread :—

“Rome, June 13. 1770.

“Madam,

“I have just received a very obliging letter on my return from Naples. When ladies condemn we must plead guilty, and hope our judges are merciful; so I enter not on my defence. Since I had the pleasure of writing to Mr. Whitbread from Genoa, I have visited Leghorn, Pisa, and Florence. In those places, as indeed both in Rome and Naples, I often see paintings of the first and second class, leaving all inferior ones. I confess that I had seen nothing before I came to Rome. I had often read of the Laocoon, the Apollo, the Gladiators, the Pantheon and Coliseum, the paintings of Raphael, Titian, and Guido, yet the description fell far short,—as it does also of the magnificence and elegance of St. Peter’s. To that church and the Vatican I go most evenings, the views from the latter being inexpressibly fine. The Pope I have often seen. The worthy good man dispenses with my kneeling. I should tremble to pay that homage to any human creature that I have seen paid to him.

The Pretender passed close by me yesterday, and I had a full strong view of him. He had the look of a mere sot, very stupid, dull, and bending

double; quite altered to when I saw him twenty years ago in France.

“The situation of Naples is fine. As I have the best *cartes*, it may afford your ladyship some pleasure to see them. I ascended Mount Vesuvius; and when I was up three parts of the hill, the earth was, by my thermometer, somewhat warmer than the atmosphere. I then took the temperature every five minutes till I got to the top. The heat was continually increasing. After I had stood the smoke a quarter of an hour, I breathed freely; so with three men I descended as far as they would go with me, where the earth or brimstone was so heated that, in frequent experiments, it raised my thermometer to 240° , which is near 30° hotter than boiling water, and in some places it fired some paper I put in. As these experiments have never before been made, I thought the account of them might afford your ladyship some entertainment.

We begin to have hot weather here, so I shall make my pilgrimage in the night to Loretto, and from thence to Venice, where I shall stay about a fortnight; when, I think, I shall take my route through Germany to my favourite country, Holland. When at Rotterdam, I shall hope to be favoured with a letter, though, I believe, I shall hardly be there till the middle or latter end of September, as I seldom fix any route or time in any place. This uncertainty prevents my hearing

so often from my friends as I could wish. Permit me to say, I am, with much esteem,

“Your ladyship’s obliged and

“Most obedient servant,

“JOHN HOWARD.

“P.S. My best compliments to Mr. Whitbread.”

Notwithstanding the interest which Howard felt in the rich scenery, and the choice works of art which Italy presented, yet the painful impression that his time was misspent, seems to have recurred. In his journal he writes:—

“Would to God I had wisdom given me to redeem the time lost, to live a life suitable to the mercies I am receiving; and, if spared to return, may I acknowledge the goodness of God, both public and private! May I look into mine own heart, and beg of God to show me the evil of it; and if I bring home a better temper and am a wiser man, then shall I have cause to rejoice that the great end of travelling has been answered.”

We are not informed how long Howard remained in Rome, but we next find him at Stutgard, where he wrote the following letter,

which exhibits a heart as cheerful as the last extract proved it to be devout.

“Stutgard, July 26. 1770.

“My Lady,

“I received a very kind letter at Venice; accept a very poor return, my thanks,—and also for your obliging visit to my boy. When I left Rome, I steered my course to Loretto. The immense riches that are there locked up are as surprising as the folly of the votaries. The superstition, folly, and nonsense that one there hears and sees must give any thinking mind pain; and that such a gross imposition should be carried on such a number of years. They say the Virgin’s Chamber was brought over the Venetian Gulf A.D. 1290; and they told me it was brought by a miracle, and supported from falling by a miracle, though enclosed by a marble case, and many iron bars to prevent its falling in. I could not help saying, in their *holy* chamber, it would be another miracle to make me believe either one or the other.

“I went from thence to Bologna, and spent a few days there. The city is no otherwise remarkable than for the piazzas (as in Covent Garden) to every house. There are some fine pictures and one rich monastery of the Olivetano, from whence is one of the finest views in Italy. Thence I came

to Venice, the situation of which, amidst many, as it were, floating islands, is surprising; yet when I saw the Rialto, St. Mark's Place, &c., I was much disappointed. Prints, &c. had raised my expectation, but they fell far short. The streets are all alleys; in many places two people cannot pass. The houses are all dirty; the canals quite offensive, so that it required some patience to stay eight or ten days; and I was not singular, as an English family there told me they never were so tired of a place in a week's time.

“As few English will cross the Tyrol into Germany, I set off by myself, and in nine days I came to Munich. The most pleasant journey (I must except when I had the ladies' company) I ever had in my life. The road is good betwixt the mountains, which are cultivated to the very top, making the most charming views. The inhabitants, I need not say, are industrious, honest, — as one never hears of any robbery, — cleanly, and neat; very different from the Italians. Indeed, were I to form the idea of a despicable character, I should think on an Italian.

“I spend a few days here. The mode of travelling is very fatiguing in Germany, unless you have your own carriage. I have been two days and two nights coming from Augsburg; but whilst everybody complains of heat, it is so very different from Italy (betwixt 20 and 30 degrees by my thermo-

meter) that I think it cool and pleasant. I am moving towards Holland, but shall be some weeks before I get there ; probably I shall spend a week at Spa. Your Ladyship has been so good, I can hardly desire or expect to hear at Rotterdam, yet it is my greatest pleasure. I beg my best compliments to Mr. Whitbread, and permit me to remain, with great esteem, Madam,

“ Your obliged and obed. servt.,

“ J. HOWARD.

“ To Lady Mary Whitbread.”

On reaching the Hague, another letter was addressed to the same friend.

“ The Hague, August 28. 1770.

“ My Lady,

“ On my arrival last week in Holland, I had the pleasure to find a very obliging letter from you. I greatly rejoice to hear of your own and Mr. Whitbread's health, yet I feel some concern for my young friend.

“ I came down the Rhine, and stayed some time both at Mentz and Cologne, which were not new to me, nor were Aix-la-Chapelle or Spa, though the great alterations made me hardly recollect that place. It seemed an English colony,—there were

400; but I give the preference to many of our own public places, as Scarborough, Matlock, Bristol, &c. Indeed, in Italy, however magnificent the objects, and highly elegant the curiosities may be, we in England have the solid, the substantial, and important, which we ought to value above all the rest.

“I have been well gratified with foreign elegance, and shall sit down at home in peace; as the comfortable, useful, and honourable life should be our aim. I am sure I require the most favourable allowance of my friends. I intend to be in England in about a fortnight; yet permit me on this side of the water to present my thanks for the favour of your very kind letters. I beg to be remembered to my friend, who need not fear growing too fat. In expectation of the pleasure of so soon seeing him, I am, my Lady,

“Your ladyship’s obliged and obedient servant,

“JOHN HOWARD.”

In a few weeks after writing the above letter Howard reached Cardington, prepared zealously to pursue those plans of benevolence which were before in operation. But though he acquiesced in the wisdom of painful dispensations, and felt it was good to have been afflicted, still,

amidst scenes which reminded of his bereavement, renewed grief accompanied his resignation. His depression soon produced illness, and, although reluctantly, he again left home. After a short stay at Southampton, he travelled through parts of Ireland and Wales, and thence crossed to Bristol Hot-wells, where an attack of gout confined him to his chamber for six months. At this time he determined to abstain thenceforth from wine and other alcoholic beverages; to which resolution he steadfastly adhered.

Again at Cardington, further schemes of charity and usefulness were devised and carried out with increased earnestness, and the burden of his sorrow was more effectually relieved by the activity of his benevolence. With perhaps only one exception, all welcomed and all loved Howard. There was however one wretched man whom he had reproved for his vices, and who determined to be avenged. He accordingly waylaid his reprover, with the purpose of murdering him as he came from Divine worship at Bedford. But Providence interposed. Howard returned home on that occasion by a

road which he had seldom, if ever, before taken on the Sunday.

In 1773 he was appointed to the shrievalty of Bedfordshire, the dignity of which office he judiciously sustained and zealously performed its duties. As a conscientious Dissenter from the discipline of the Church of England, though uniting in her public services, and consenting to all her most important doctrines, that entire conformity and Christian membership which is implied in receiving the Holy Communion according to her ministration — an act of fellowship commonly required in Howard's day of those chosen to legislate or to administer the law — was in his case dispensed with. This is no place for discussing either the wisdom of the enactment, or the propriety of its relaxation. Of the advantages which resulted from the latter, in this particular case, there can be no doubt, and never had any one stronger claims to the indulgence.

Scarcely had he entered upon his high office before it was his duty to attend the Judges of Assize, and to be present in the court whilst

prisoners were tried. There he witnessed much which excited compassion, and gave an impulse to his philanthropy, which he neither could nor would restrain, and which at once caused the extension of its endeavours. The introduction to his First Book on Prisons, to which and the subsequent volume we shall in the sequel have frequent occasion to refer, thus begins:—

“ The distress of prisoners, of which there are few who have not some imperfect idea, came more immediately under my notice when I was sheriff of the county of Bedford; and the circumstance which excited me to activity in their behalf was the seeing some, who by the verdict of juries were declared not guilty; some, on whom the grand jury did not find such an appearance of guilt as subjected them to trial; and some whose prosecutors did not appear against them, after having been confined for months, dragged back to gaol and locked up again till they should pay sundry fees to the gaoler, the clerk of assize, &c.

“ In order to redress this hardship, I applied to the justices of the county for a salary to the gaoler in lieu of his fees. The bench were properly affected with the grievance, and willing to grant the relief desired; but they wanted a precedent for charging the county with the expense. I therefore

rode into several neighbouring counties in search of one ; but I soon learned that the same injustice was practised in them, and, looking into the prisons, beheld scenes of calamity which I grew daily more and more anxious to alleviate. In order, therefore, to gain a more perfect knowledge of the particulars and extent of it, by various and accurate observation, I visited most of the county gaols in England."

The limits of this volume forbid a particular description of the cruel practices and pernicious results to which the above extract refers.* Howard soon discovered that whilst a like extortion everywhere prevailed, duties were entirely neglected. In several prisons water was not provided, neither clothing nor food were sufficient, and no bedding—not even straw, was allowed. Gaolers were the licensed vendors of liquors, and encouraged drunkenness and dissipation amongst those who could pay for self-indulgence, whilst all beside were oppressed, and many the victims of cruelty most

* I have described these, and the places in which they prevailed, at some length in the larger Biography, Ch. V. VI. XI.

atrocious. The faulty construction, too, of prisons, was as destructive to health and life, as was the misrule subversive of all morality. They were confined, and therefore crowded and filthy, whilst the felons' dungeons are commonly described as "damp, dark, and offensive." Disease in its worst forms was generated in these dismal abodes, and the "gaol fever" destroyed its thousands.

Howard's exertions were soon in a measure rewarded. The iniquity of extorting fees, especially from innocent persons, had impressed the mind of a benevolent member of the House of Commons, Mr. Popham, and during the last year he had introduced a bill providing for their payment out of the county rates. That bill, after having been read a second time, was dropped in committee, because adequate compensation to some parties deriving emoluments from the existing system was not secured. But it appears that Mr. Popham, having in the meantime held communication with our philanthropic inspector, renewed his motion in the next session, March 1774, with an additional

measure for the more effectually securing the health of prisoners confined in gaols. A friend of Howard's, Mr. St. John, and his relative Mr. Whitbread, appear to have taken an active part in the preparation and support of these bills. A committee was formed and the philanthropist was examined. The evidence adduced astounded the committee, and secured the passing of these important measures. This was the first step towards the correction of vicious regulations; it cheered Howard with the conviction that his labour had not been in vain; it encouraged his perseverance as an earnest of future success. His humanity and zeal excited the admiration of all, and the thanks of the House of Commons, unanimously voted, were tendered to him, whilst the voices of every party were mingled in general applause.

Howard resumed his inspection, and, travelling through the greater part of England and Wales, now directed especial attention to bridewells and gaols in which debtors were confined. Many of these he found in a loathsome condition, infested with vermin, and noisome with

disease: in almost all he witnessed gambling, intoxication, and acts of violence — misery without alleviation, and immorality without restraint.

In the midst of these benevolent, although most painful, investigations, he was persuaded by his friends at Bedford to become a candidate for the representation of that borough in parliament. They perceived in his combined philanthropy and patriotism, important qualifications for that office, whilst his upright character and political opinions further commended him as a statesman whom the times required. Entirely free from that rashness and desire of change which influenced some demagogues of that period, he was distinguished by loyalty, disinterestedness, and a sense of duty actuated by love; and which, therefore, sought to render service, not by appealing to men's passions and provoking opposition to constituted authorities, but by a reasonable, earnest, and well-regulated endeavour to reform abuses and to preserve all that was valuable in our constitution and laws. But Howard's virtues had been

called forth, and must be further exercised, in another sphere, and he was not elected. Still, since the failure appeared to result from corrupt practices, and some unfair proceedings, he, with Mr. Whitbread, who was associated with him in the contest, petitioned against the return of their opponents. As the hope of rendering service to his country, rather than personal feelings, had led him to engage in this political contest, so he would not relinquish that hope nor abandon patriotic plans because an evil influence had seemingly for a time prevented his success. He resolved, therefore, to pursue those means of redress which became a manly character and a Christian candidate. The decision, however, was adverse to Howard's claims, but Mr. Whitbread was declared to have been elected.

With the hope that if the enormities perpetrated, and the vicious practices which prevailed in prisons were generally known, some remedial measures would be applied, Howard tells us —

“I designed to publish the account of our prisons in the spring of 1775, after I returned from Scotland and Ireland. But conjecturing that something useful to my purpose might be collected abroad, I laid aside my papers, and travelled into France, Flanders, Holland, and Germany.”

He accordingly embarked in April, 1775, and proceeded to Paris. The celebrity of the Bastile, and the records of cruelty there inflicted, rendered it most interesting to Howard, and he resolved, if possible, to penetrate those recesses of suffering. If he could not relieve an oppressed victim, he might learn some lesson from which the criminal or the discontented in his native land might profit.

“Chiefly,” he observes, “with the design of inculcating a reverence for the principles of a *free constitution* like our own, which will not permit in any degree the exercise of that despotism which has rendered the name of Bastile so formidable, I was desirous of examining it myself; and for that purpose knocked hard at the outer gate, and immediately went forward through the guard to the drawbridge before the entrance of the castle. But whilst I was contemplating this gloomy mansion, an officer came out much surprised; and I

was forced to retreat through the mute guard, and thus regained that freedom which, for one locked up within those walls, it is next to impossible to obtain."*

An application for admittance to other prisons in Paris was unsuccessful; but Howard, with an acuteness stimulated by benevolence, observed that the tenth article of the *Arrêt*, 1717, provided for the admission of persons who should distribute alms. He, therefore, pleaded this, and the claim was conceded. Having seen much in the French prisons which was revolting to his humane spirit, but carefully noted some plans worthy of imitation, he proceeded to Brussels, and thence to Holland. The judicious regulations and proper management of the large penal establishments in Flanders secured his approval, and the small number of executions amongst the Dutch he describes as affording a pleasing contrast to the atrocities and "daily executions" he had wit-

* State of Prisons, p. 148. See Howard's description of the Bastile, in my work on Prison Discipline, vol. ii. p. 356. *et seq.*

nessed in Paris, and the frequency of capital punishment in his own land. Many of the German prisons were next visited, "the rules and orders of which" he recorded as "generally good." Some exceptions, however, are described; for instance, in his account of the *Maison de Force* at Manheim, he writes —

"Prisoners committed to this house are commonly received in form with what is called the *bien venu* (welcome). A machine is brought out, in which are fastened their neck, hands, and feet. Then are they stripped; and have, according as the magistrate orders, the *grand venu* of twenty to thirty stripes—the *demi venu* of eighteen to twenty—or the *petit venu* of twelve to fifteen: after this they kiss the threshold and go in. Some are treated with the same compliment at discharge. The like ceremony is observed at many other towns in Germany."

The following, written to a friend, from Bonn, shows us the spirit of humanity, patience, and holy zeal with which Howard pursued and completed this tour of charitable inquiry.

"I have carefully visited some Prussian, Austrian, Hessian, and many other gaols. With the

utmost difficulty did I get access to many dismal abodes; and, through the good hand of God, I have been preserved in health and safety. I hope I have gained some knowledge that may be improved to some valuable purpose. Though conscious of the utmost weakness, imperfection, and folly, I would hope my heart deceives me not, when I say to my friend, I trust that I intend well. The great example!—the glorious and divine Saviour!—the first thought humbles, abases,—yet, blessed be God, the mind exults and rejoices in that infinite and boundless source of love and mercy.”

On the very day Howard landed at Dover, he revisited the wretched prison there, and through successive months, with short intervals of recreation, he was again traversing the length and breadth of his native land, that he might explore and expose scenes of oppression, wickedness, and woe, and afford succour to their distressed inmates as opportunities might be offered. The information thus obtained was most carefully recorded; and that he might be strictly accurate in his proposed description not only of these, but also of foreign prisons, he again left England, May 25, 1776, for the

purpose of reinspecting many on the continent, and with the hope that by extending his tour to Switzerland, he might witness further improvements. This hope was realised, as he found more to admire than he had elsewhere discovered. He observes:—

“In those of the cantons to which I went, felons have *each a room to themselves*, ‘*that they may not,*’ said the keepers, ‘*tutor one another.*’ * * * Thus a principal object here is to make them *better men*. This, indeed, should always be the *leading* view in every house of correction; earnings of the prisoners should only be a *secondary* object. As *rational* and *immortal* beings, we owe this to them; nor can any criminality of theirs justify our neglect in this particular. * * *

“When I formerly made the tour of Europe for the benefit of my health, which I did some years ago, I seldom had occasion to envy foreigners anything, either as it respected their situation, religion, manners, or government. In my late journeys to view their prisons, I was sometimes put to the blush for my native country. The reader will scarcely feel, from my narration, the same emotions of shame and regret as the comparisons excited in me on beholding the difference with my own eyes; but, from the account I have given him of foreign

prisons, he may judge whether a desire of reforming our own be visionary ; whether idleness, debauchery, disease, and famine be the necessary, unavoidable attendants of a prison, or only connected with it in our ideas for want of a more perfect knowledge and more enlarged views."

Howard, on his return, learned that there were some small prisons in Yorkshire which he had not discovered, and he determined at once to revisit that county. No dungeons previously explored were worse than these loathsome dismal depths into which he now descended. If a sad contrast in our treatment of *criminals* excited the shame expressed in the foregoing extract, how must that feeling have been confirmed when the prison for *debtors* at Knaresborough was a scene of horrors, such as—for fear of seeming to exaggerate — Howard's own language must describe.

"It is under the hall ; of difficult access ; the door about four feet from the ground. Only one room, about twelve feet square. Earth floor : no fire-place : very offensive ; a common sewer from the town running through it uncovered. I was

informed that an officer, confined here, took in with him a dog to defend him from vermin; but the *dog* was soon *destroyed*, and the prisoner's *face much disfigured* by them." *

By patient perseverance and oft-repeated investigations, which had occupied three years of his life, and cost him the exertion of travelling upwards of ten thousand miles, Howard, having now satisfied himself that his notes upon the vast number of prisons he had visited would bear the most severe scrutiny, resolved to print them. For this purpose he went to Warrington, where, with his friend Dr. Aikin, he superintended the publication of a work which, perhaps, was more effective in the prevention of cruelty, the relief of the wretched, and the restraining of vice, than any other uninspired volume ever given to the world. When completed it was dated Cardington, 5th of April, 1777, and dedicated "to the House of Commons, in gratitude for the encouragement which they had given to the design, and for

* State of Prisons, p. 372.

the honour they had conferred on the author."

Two or three years had passed since a change had been made in the arrangements for convicts under sentence of transportation. It was determined to detain them under penal labour in England, and some hulks were appointed for their confinement. These were now visited by Howard, and he discovered that their wretched occupants had but little clothing and insufficient food; the sick were neglected, and those stronger treated with much cruelty. Their misery may, in some measure, be estimated by the mortality, since on the "Justitia," one third had died in two years. In 1778, a select committee investigated this subject, and the philanthropist gave such evidence as to convince the legislature that floating prisons were less suitable for the confinement of criminals than buildings constructed on land; but anxious to extend the system of employing prisoners in this country, it was proposed to erect places of confinement similar to those in Holland, which had been so much commended

by the careful inspector. To this end the draft of a bill was prepared by Sir W. Blackstone and Mr. Eden; and Howard—that he might obtain further information on the plans there pursued—again embarked for the Continent, April 18, 1788.

Only a day or two after his arrival at Amsterdam, whilst he was walking in the street, a horse—running away with a dray—struck against him, threw him on a heap of stones, and so severely bruised him as to prevent his travelling for several days. As soon as possible he was removed to the Hague, where his affliction was increased by inflammation and fever, which endangered life, and by which he was disabled for six weeks. His state of mind, under this calamity, may be learned best from the Christian simplicity of his daily record, when sufficiently restored to write:—

“May 11. — Do me good, O God, by this painful affliction! May I see the great uncertainty of health, ease, and comfort, and feel that all my springs are in Thee! Oh the painful and wearisome nights I possess! May I be more thankful

if restored to health, and more compassionate to others, and more absolutely devoted to God!

“May 12. — In patience may I possess my soul, and say, It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth Him good!

“May 13. — In pain and anguish all night — my very life a burthen to me! Help, Lord! for vain is the help of man! In Thee do I put my trust; let me never be confounded! All refuges but Christ are refuges of lies. My soul! stay thou upon that rock.

“May 30. — Less pain in the night; more revived this morning. O my Saviour and my God, put under me Thine everlasting arms! Succour and support me, for Thy mercy's sake!

“May 31. — A poor night; faint, yet, blessed be God, enabled to attend His public worship! O Lord, receive me, and put a new song of praise into my mouth!”

Howard, now convalescent, and longing to resume his labours and pursue his mission of benevolence, visited the workhouses, hospitals, and prisons in all the principal towns of Holland, and in June proceeded into Germany, by Osnaburgh and Hanover, and thence to Brunswick, Magdeburgh, and Berlin, where he records his delight at finding “no torture rooms,” “for,”

he adds, "the present King has set the example in Germany of abolishing the cruel practice." There, too, he notes, that he had an interview with the Prince Henry, who observed to him that "he could hardly conceive a more disagreeable journey, but the object was truly great and humane." The Prince might well suppose that amidst such pursuits much relaxation was required; and probably with the desire of gratifying one whom he could not fail to admire, asked respecting Howard's amusements, what places of evening entertainments were frequented by him after the labours of the day: to which the Philanthropist simply replied—None at any time; and that he derived more pleasure from doing his duty, than from any amusements whatever.

In the energy of such feelings he pursued his course to Spandau, Lukau, and Dresden, thence into Bohemia, which was then the scene of war; and the humane traveller, as though unwilling to linger amidst distress which he could not alleviate, hastened forward, only making a cursory visit to the *Maison de Force* at Prague,

and to a monastery of the Capuchin Friars, where a scene presented itself very different from those which he commonly witnessed, and highly discreditable to the reputed sanctity and self-denial of that Order, their reputation for which had probably attracted their abstemious visitor. On his arrival it was dinner-time — a meagre day, yet the table was spread with all the meats and delicious viands which the most self-indulgent could desire. He was invited to partake, but was not likely to accept the hospitality of hypocrites. Instead of that, the Fathers received a sharp rebuke: Howard told them “he heard they lived secluded for abstinence and prayer; but he found their house was rather for revelry and drunkenness.” He added that as he was going to Rome, it would be his duty to make known to the Pope their real manner of living. Alarmed at this threat, four or five of the Friars afterwards came to his abode, begged pardon, and entreated they might be spared the threatened exposure and disgrace. The indignant reprover would make no promise but that of inquiry into their future conduct,

intimating that, if the promised reformation of morals were fulfilled, he probably should not report the offence.

From Prague, Howard proceeded direct to Vienna, where he visited all the prisons and most of the hospitals.

In the great prison, La Maison de Bourreau, we are told—

“There are many dungeons. Here, as usual, I inquired whether they had any putrid fever, and was answered in the negative. But, in one of the dark dungeons down twenty-four steps, I thought I had found a person with gaol fever. He was loaded with heavy irons, and chained to the wall: anguish and misery appeared with clotted tears on his face. He was not capable of speaking to me; but on examining his breast and feet for *petechiæ*, or spots, and finding he had a strong intermitting pulse, I was convinced that he was not ill of that disorder. A prisoner in an opposite cell told me that *the poor creature* had desired him to call out for assistance, and he had done it, but was not heard. This is one of the *bad effects of dungeons.*”

This scene has been well portrayed by Hayley in his “Ode to Howard:”—

“Where, in the dungeon’s loathsome shade,
The speechless captive clanks his chain,
With heartless hope to raise that aid,—
His feeble cries have call’d in vain :
Thine eye his dumb complaint explores ;
Thy voice his parting breath restores ;
Thy cares his ghastly visage clear
From death’s chill dew, with many a clotted tear,
And to his thankful soul returning life endear.”

Do we inquire how the Philanthropist could survive these perilous visits? His own remarks will best explain :—

“I have been frequently asked what precautions I use, to preserve myself from infection in the prisons and hospitals which I visit. I here answer, that, next to the *free goodness and mercy* of the *Author of my being*, temperance and cleanliness are my preservatives. Trusting in *Divine Providence*, and believing myself in the way of my duty, I visit the most noxious cells ; and, while thus employed, ‘*I fear no evil.*’ . . . I never enter a prison or hospital before breakfast, and, if in an offensive room, I seldom draw my breath deeply.”

During his stay at Vienna, Howard, whose excellence was now better appreciated, had the honour of dining at the royal table. He also

visited our ambassador, Sir R. M. Keith, and there, at a dinner-party, an instance of his dauntless courage and determined truthfulness occurred. It is described by his friend Dr. Brown:—

“The conversation turned upon the torture, when a German gentleman of the party observed, that the glory of abolishing it in his own dominions belonged to his Imperial Majesty. ‘Pardon me,’ said Mr. Howard, ‘his Imperial Majesty has only abolished one species of torture, to establish in its place another more cruel; for the torture which he abolished lasted, at the most, a few hours; but that which he has appointed lasts many weeks, nay, sometimes years. The poor wretches are plunged into a noisome dungeon, as bad as the black-hole at Calcutta, from which they are taken out only if they confess what is laid to their charge.’ ‘Hush!’ said the ambassador, ‘your words will be reported to his Majesty.’ ‘What!’ replied he, ‘shall my tongue be tied from speaking truth by any king or emperor in the world? I repeat what I asserted, and maintain its veracity.’” Deep silence ensued, “and every one present admired the intrepid boldness of the man of humanity.”

The Philanthropist now directed his course

to Rome, visiting several Italian cities on his way. His account of the first prison which he inspected little accords with the inscription over its entrance, "*Justitiæ et Clementiæ.*" Besides the torture-chamber, "at one corner of this building were placed a pulley and rope, by which malefactors, with their hands behind them, were pulled up; and, after being suspended for some time, were inhumanly let down part of the way, when, by a sudden jerk, their arms were dislocated."

As a pleasing contrast to such cruelty, we have a brief description of the hospital of S. Michele, part of which was a school for orphans:—

"Another part is a prison for boys or *young men*. Over the door is this inscription:—*Clemens XI. Pont. Max. Perditis Adolescentibus corrigendis sustinendisque: ut qui Inertes oberant, Instructi, Republicæ serviant. MDCCIV.*

"In the room is inscribed the following admirable sentence, in which the grand purpose of all civil policy relative to criminals is expressed:—*Parum est improbos coercere pœnâ, nisi probos efficias disciplinâ.*"

The regulations of this prison were in accordance with this wise maxim; and the philosopher of old was not more pleased with his solution of the problem that had cost him such long investigation, than our philanthropist was delighted with his discovery of a prison in which such an axiom was practically recognised. Dr. Aikin, who had often conversed with him respecting this interesting inscription, says—“He would, I believe, almost have thought it worth while to have travelled to Rome for that alone.”

Having revisited the prisons of Naples and the galley-slaves at Civita Vecchia, Howard embarked, and, after a perilous voyage, arrived at Leghorn, whence he proceeded to Genoa, Milan, and Turin, then through Switzerland, parts of Germany and Flanders, inspecting the penal and charitable institutions in every place of importance. On reaching Paris, a few days were devoted to the same purpose, when sympathy with his fellow-countrymen induced him to visit many prisoners of war. He found a number at Dunkirk destitute and neglected,

which called forth his strong and successful remonstrance, whilst from his own resources he contributed much for their immediate relief.

The desire to improve the wretched prisons of his country, to provide a corrective discipline for their inmates, thereby to avert their miseries and amend their morals, had induced this third tour of mercy—during which Howard had travelled nearly 5000 miles.* His mind still further stored with information, he now returned to prove its value.

Having obtained redress for his own countrymen in France, he felt compelled to inquire concerning some grievances in the treatment of French captives, of which the commissaries had complained, and, after a few days spent with his son at Cardington, he visited Plymouth for this humane purpose. There was cause for the complaint, but on Howard's expostulation the injury was corrected. In the same year the common gaols in the midland and eastern

* See further particulars of this tour in *Life of Howard*, pp. 234—272.

counties were again inspected, then many of the prisons in Scotland and Ireland.

The following extracts from his notes on his Scotch tour represent the defective nature of prison discipline in that country, and show the wise precautions by which crime was prevented, so that its miserable gaols happily had but few occupants: —

“The prisons which I saw in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Stirling, Jedburgh, Ayr, &c. were old buildings, dirty and offensive, without courts, and also generally without water. They are not visited by the magistrates: and the gaolers are allowed the sale of the most pernicious liquors. . . .

“There are in Scotland but few prisoners; which is partly owing to the shame and disgrace annexed to imprisonment,—partly to the solemn manner in which oaths are administered, and trials and executions conducted,—and partly to the general sobriety of manners produced by the care which *parents* and *ministers* take to instruct the rising generation. In the southern parts of Scotland, it is very rare that you meet with any person that cannot both read and write. It is scandalous for any person not to be possessed of a Bible, which is always read in the parochial schools.”

The prisons in Ireland were in a state equally bad with those of Scotland, and, as there were not the same preventives of crime, the larger number of inmates presented a grievous contrast. We have several interesting observations on this excursion:—

“The criminals in the gaols of Ireland are very numerous, one reason of which may be, that in this country there are no houses of correction; and another, that acquitted persons are continued in confinement till they have discharged their fees to the clerk of the crown or peace, the sheriff, gaoler, and turnkey. Even boys, almost naked, and under the age of twelve, are sometimes confined two years for these fees, though amounting to no more than about forty shillings. How surprising is it that any kingdom can endure such injustice! It is a particular aggravation of it, that the prisoners thus confined generally lose, at the same time, their allowance of bread. I have heard that Mr. Justice Aston always ordered the acquitted prisoners to be discharged. Some boys were lately released from the county gaol at Kilmainham, paying half fees; and others from Newgate: the sheriffs of Dublin generously relinquished their fees. But as those boys had been associated with the most profligate and abandoned felons for many

months, I did not in the least wonder to find that some of them returned to their former habitation in a few days."

After another visit to our metropolitan gaols, at the beginning of the year 1780 Howard published his Appendix to the State of Prisons, a 4to volume of 220 pages, with numerous costly illustrations. He also printed at the same time a translation of an interesting pamphlet descriptive of the Bastile, the sale of which had been prohibited by the French government. This was published, he tells us —

"Not merely as an object of curiosity, but as affording a very interesting and instructive comparison between the horrors of despotic power, and the mild and just administration of equal laws in a free state."

The favourable report of the prisons in Holland induced the Legislature to determine upon the adoption of a similar treatment of criminals in this country; and it was proposed that suitable buildings should be constructed under the superintendence of three competent persons.

Howard was, of course, selected as best qualified for such an office, and, by his own desire, his friend Dr. Fothergill, whose experience as a physician he very highly valued, and Mr. Whatley, a gentleman of distinguished benevolence, who had been for many years treasurer of the Foundling Hospital, were associated with him.* It appears that Dr. Fothergill and Howard agreed on a spot at Islington as most desirable for the erection of the first Penitentiary, whereas Mr. Whatley selected some land at Limehouse as more eligible. Each party was too confident in the wisdom of the choice made, to

* I have been favoured by a relative of Mr. Whatley with the voluminous correspondence and the minutes of the several conferences between these excellent men. Amongst the first of these documents I find it stated—
“We lay down as principles that solitary imprisonment, well regulated labour, religious instruction, are to be practised on offenders instead of transportation.”

1. “We consider,” writes Dr. Fothergill on another paper, “that the great object of the Act in question is, to punish the convicts for past offences, and at the same time, if possible, to make them better men.

2. “That the mere profit or loss of their labour, though essentially necessary, was less an object with the legislature than their correction and reformation.”

concede the point to the other. Dr. Fothergill died, and there was then little hope that the survivors would agree upon the required site. Howard's biographers have too much censured his colleague without observing that the similarity of character in these two excellent men was the real cause of dissension. Both were convinced, and neither would give way. Mr. Whatley's opinion was supported by the Lord Chancellor, and that of Howard had been approved by Sir W. Blackstone, with whom he says, "I had much conversation on the subject," and whose very last conversation was on this point. He, therefore, observes, "Mr. Justice Blackstone's dying words, 'BE FIRM IN YOUR OWN OPINION,' seem to me the most important direction for our conduct."*

The following letters addressed to Mr. Whatley during the heat of this controversy disprove

* Dr. Fothergill equally respected this advice. In a letter now before me, dated February 14. 1780, he writes — "We have lost one of the most worthy and intelligent persons we had to do with. — Poor Sir William Blackstone died this afternoon."

the supposition that the friendship of these two benevolent men was interrupted.

“Warrington, December 27. 1779.

“Sir,

“I received your favour of the 24th this morning.

“I mentioned the convenience to counties and gaolers by the immediate reception of convicts brought from a distance as a concurrent argument for having those houses near, and not at a distance from London * * *

“My surveyor, whom, at the Doctor’s desire, I took with me to the spot, objected on account of the foundation, and said that Newgate, on account of the place where it was built (being the old city ditch), had buried immense sums under ground, and all had been nearly blown up by a flush of water, just before the workmen had got above ground.

“I must differ as to no manufactory being perfected in those houses ; many certainly are abroad ; various specimens of cloth, paper, &c., I have brought home with me.

“But, dear Sir, you now know, what our worthy friend and colleague has long known, the difficulty I have in expressing my ideas clearly : you will then conjecture the pain, fatigue, and labour I have in writing for the press. Some little assistance I have, but my work is heavy upon me, and my

whole time I devote to it. I forward it as much as possible, in hope that in a few weeks we may have a free, easy, and, I am sure, harmonious meeting on the subject. With great regard and much esteem, I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

“JOHN HOWARD.”

“Warrington, January 21. 1780.

“Dear Sir,

“I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your kind letters enclosing the minutes, &c. It gives me pain that you have the trouble to copy them, yet with pleasure I see your zeal in the great plan we are engaged in.

“The spot I would wish to build on should be on, or near, that we first had in view. The most probable manufacture will be coarse canvas or sail-cloth; one argument in favour of which I shall give in the words of a German, where the convicts were all employed on coarse cloths for the army—‘The goods never lay on our hands, we have a quick return of money.’

“I work hard;—most mornings this week at my books long before *four* o’clock; yet I must still trespass on your patience some weeks. I am, with real esteem, your most obedient servant,

“JOHN HOWARD.”

We learn from the next letter, that, at this time, it was again desired Howard should become a candidate for the representation of Bedford:—

“Cardington, Sep. 9. 1780.

“Dear Sir,

“I received your favour informing me of your friend from Brussels being in town. He will readily answer the questions relative to Vilforde prison ; and I shall be glad to hear what he says or what is published of Flemish prisons, if he has ever turned his thoughts to that subject.

“I rejoice your Lady is better. I am somewhat confined till the Borough election is over, as I have refused every solicitation ; it is too late for me to enter into the political world. With esteem, I am, dear Sir, your most obedient servant,

“JOHN HOWARD.

“G. Whatley, Esq.” †

† The following is Mr. Whatley's reply :—

“London, Sept. 19. 1780.

“Dear Sir,

“* * * * My friend says your account of the Ghent and Vilforde prisons is very right ; * * that there have been riots at Ghent, and ever will be in any of those prisons without the strictest care and management. He has mixed in these affairs not a little, and assures me that what looked very pretty on paper and in theory, has proved in practice impossible. This I am perfectly sensible of. * * * Your plea of its being

Finding there was little hope of accomplishing the object for which he had been appointed commissioner, Howard resigned the office, and subsequently wrote to his former colleague: —

“Cardington, March 10. 1781.

“Dear Sir,

“I was last night favoured with your letter. I have been some time waiting for my dismissal, but I now suppose that I shall only see it in the Gazette. No one can doubt of your zeal for the public, who considers the honourable character you sustain as patron to the orphans.

“Though we had an equal right to our own opinions, yet it was an unhappy affair, as it divided the Bench. It was natural to think that both they themselves and the new supervisors would wish all contests obliterated, and so they will probably now fix on a spot which has not been proposed by any of us.

“Two eminent physicians had given their opinion against building the Penitentiary houses at Bromley (since our old friend’s death), which I conjecture may have been another cause of an entirely new

too late for you to enter into the political world I cannot allow. However I am of Jack Tar’s opinion — No Force.

“I am, with great truth, dear Sir, your very devoted, obedient servant,

“G. WHATLEY.”

appointment; yet the supposition above is the more probable.

“We both have this satisfaction, that we acted for the best; and this we know, we have got rid of a deal of trouble, which would have ended only with our lives. With esteem, I remain, Sir, your most obedient servant,

“JOHN HOWARD.

“G. Whatley, Esq.”*

* Much personal regard for his former colleague, as well as patriotism, is evinced in Mr. Whatley’s reply.

“Dear Sir,

“However you and I may have differed in opinion, I hope our intentions to serve the public have been disinterestedly the same. Your labours have been infinitely superior to mine, as well as your risks and your expence; nevertheless I must arrogate to myself that my labour in the intended good work would in no shape have been less arduous than any person’s whatsoever.

“You have determined, no matter wherefore—that lays with you—no longer to act, but to resign your charge. I have thought proper not to do so. However we are now both on the same footing, as your resignation is accepted, and I have received a letter from the clerk of the council, that Sir Gilbert Elliot, Sir C. Bunbury, and Dr. Bowdler are appointed Supervisors of the intended Penitentiary houses. You are free out of choice, I by dismissal. I hope those gentlemen will do better than we have been able to do; which will afford me no small pleasure, as no one can wish better to the undertaking

Far as Howard's travels had extended, and vast as the sphere of his investigation had been, there were still countries inviting his philanthropic exertions, whose scenes of woe were as yet unexplored, where relief might possibly be given, or some lesson of compassion learned. The distant prisons of Denmark and Russia had not been visited; and if his humane and holy exertions failed for a time in his native land, his charity was not therefore restrained, but would diffuse its benign influence over regions more remote. Darwin is sometimes chargeable with extravagance, yet his lines, when describing Howard, are scarcely the language of exaggeration; certainly no transgression of poetic licence:—

“And now, Benevolence! thy rays divine
Dart round the globe from Zembla to the Line;
O'er each dark prison plays the cheering light,
Like northern lustres o'er the vault of night. —

than I do, who am, with great truth and regard, dear
Sir, your very affectionate, devoted servant,

“G. WHATLEY.”

From realm to realm, with cross or crescent crown'd,
Where'er mankind and misery are found,
O'er burning sands, deep waves, or wilds of snow,
Thy Howard journeying seeks the house of woe."

On the 27th of May, 1781, Howard crossed to Ostend, and thence by way of Rotterdam, Bremen, and Hamburg to Rendsburg. At the entrance to this and other towns in Denmark a whipping-post was conspicuous, with a figure on the top, of a man with a sword at his side and a whip in his hand. Another attempt to scare offenders was by leaving in public view the gibbets, and wheels, upon which were the bodies of criminals who had been hanged or broken. Again, the penalty for some offences was that of being compelled to walk through the streets, attended by officers of justice, in what was termed the Spanish Mantle—a sort of barrel, narrow at the top, through which the head passed; it was then suspended from the shoulders, and reached down to the knees. The helpless object was thus exposed to the derision of the populace. The mind familiarized with such spectacles is thereby depraved; and hence

probably, in great measure, that rapid increase of crime which rendered this country notorious.

Having spent a few days in Copenhagen the indefatigable traveller proceeded to Stockholm, and thence, after visiting several prisons in Sweden, into Russia. He was anxious to inspect the prisons and hospitals of Russia without being known, that he might better ascertain their real condition : accordingly, when he came near St. Petersburg, he left his carriage and walked into the city alone. The Empress, however, received information of his arrival, and sent him permission to appear at court ; of which he never availed himself, but told the messenger that he “ had devoted himself to visit the prisons of the captive, and not the courts or the palaces of kings.”

The state of Russia at this time, just emerging from gross ignorance, yet still semi-barbarous,—its peasants slaves, and their lords cruelly despotic—promised the Philanthropist but little pleasure ; perhaps less available instruction. Yet there was very much that might well attract his attention. It was his

determination to investigate everything which might tend to the relief or welfare of his fellow-men. The clemency which was reported of the Empress was little in accordance with the cruelty he believed to be practised in her dominions; and he resolved to ascertain the truth. It was the boast of Russia at this time, that no capital punishment was inflicted. Howard had reason to believe that, although professedly abolished, except for treason, it was in effect retained, and that the change really consisted in the substitution of a more barbarous method of execution. His suspicions induced him to adopt the following bold expedient, the particulars of which he described to his friend Dr. Brown:—

“He did not look for exact information to the courtiers of the Empress, or to the chief ministers of justice, because he judged that they would be disposed to exalt by their representations the glory of their sovereign; but, taking a hackney coach, he drove directly to the abode of the executioner. The man was astonished and alarmed at seeing any person, having the appearance of a gentleman, enter his door,—which was precisely the state of

mind his visitor wished to find him in; and he endeavoured to increase his confusion by the tone, aspect, and manner which he assumed. Acting, therefore, as though he had authority to examine him, he told him that if his answers to the questions he should propose were conformable to truth, he had nothing to fear. He accordingly promised that they should be so; when Howard asked, 'Can you inflict the knout so as to occasion death in a short time?' 'Yes, I can,' was the answer. 'In how short a time?' 'In a day or two.' 'Have you ever so inflicted it?' 'I have.' 'Have you lately?' 'Yes, the last man who was punished with my hands by the knout died of the punishment.' 'In what manner do you thus render it mortal?' 'By one or more strokes on the sides, which carry off large pieces of flesh.' 'Do you receive orders thus to inflict the punishment?' 'I do.' At the close of this curious dialogue Mr. Howard left the executioner, fully satisfied that the honour of abolishing capital punishment had been ascribed to the infliction of a cruel, lingering, and private death, in lieu of one sudden and public. It was most probably to this very instance of the fatal infliction of this barbarous punishment that he himself was an eye-witness, and which he thus describes: 'Aug. 10. 1781, I saw two criminals, a man and a woman, suffer the punishment of the knout. They were conducted from prison

by about fifteen hussars and ten soldiers. When they arrived at the place of punishment, the hussars formed themselves into a ring round the whipping-post, the drum beat a minute or two, and then some prayers were read, the populace taking off their hats. The woman was taken first; and after being roughly stripped to the waist, her hands and feet were bound with cords to a post made for the purpose, a man standing before the post, and holding the cords to keep them tight. A servant attended the executioner, and both were stout men. The servant first marked his ground and struck the woman five times on the back. Every stroke seemed to penetrate deep into the flesh. But his master, thinking him too gentle, pushed him aside, took his place, and gave all the remaining strokes himself, which were evidently more severe. The woman received twenty-five, and the man sixty: I pressed through the hussars, and counted the number as they were chalked on a board; both seemed but just alive, especially the man, who yet had strength enough to receive a small donation with some signs of gratitude. They were conducted back to prison in a little waggon. I saw the woman in a very weak condition some days after, but could not find the man any more.' The kind of weapon from which he no doubt received his death-wound is thus described amongst the instruments of punish-

ment which the governor of the Petersburg police himself showed to our illustrious countryman, and explained to him their use. ‘The knout whip is fixed to a wooden handle a foot long, and consists of several thongs about two feet in length twisted together, to the end of which is fastened a single tough thong of a foot and a half, tapering towards a point, and capable of being changed by the executioner when too much softened by the blood of the criminal.’ But, besides this savage scourge, he was shown the axe and block; the machine then out of use for breaking the arms and legs, and the instrument for splitting the nostrils of offenders; that for branding them, by puncturation, and then rubbing a black powder on the wounds; and another called a cat, which consisted of a number of thongs varying from two to ten.”

From objects so revolting to humanity, so heart-rending to Howard, he turned away with little hope that the prisons of a country in which such atrocious acts were perpetrated could afford any relief to his wounded feelings. Nor did the inspection prove that his apprehensions were unfounded. The fortress was the first visited, where he found a number of deserters and criminals crowded into a small

room, in which they were almost stifled. The slaves, who had logs fastened to both legs, were in a still more horrible condition. In two low cellars were a number more, whose precarious subsistence was entirely dependent upon the contributions given in boxes hung before their grates. A new prison was equally offensive, and revealed scenes of similar wretchedness. In another like abode, children and adults, with irons on both legs, were mingled as in one mass of misery and guilt.

If the perusal of these horrors has excited a pang in the breast of the reader, similar to that which our Philanthropist felt, it is the privilege of the writer to afford consolation which Howard could not find. The punishment of the knout is abolished, and the prisons of Russia are greatly improved. England in Howard's day taught few lessons of clemency. Her prisons showed no pattern for improvement; but our criminal code has been corrected, our penal discipline amended; and Christian gratitude was combined with patriotic pride, when recently in a foreign city, amidst the

representatives of Europe, it was the happiness of the author as an Englishman to hear that the discontinuance of the knout and other cruelties, with the adoption of a reformatory penal treatment, was assignable to the evident justice and wisdom of plans now pursued in his native land. At the *Congrès Pénitentiare* at Brussels, the deputy from Russia announced, amidst the shouts of the assembly —

“After his return from England, the Emperor instituted a special committee for the reform of prisons, and ordered the erection of a model prison similar to that at Pentonville. . . . The Russian penal code has undergone a complete transformation. They have begun with the knout — this word still produces horror. Well, *the knout has not existed for two years.*”

A circumstance occurred during his stay in St. Petersburg, which reflects honour upon a Russian officer; whilst it proves that Howard's character was most highly appreciated. A public society testified to General Bulgarkow its estimate of his charity in enlarging some benevolent institutions, and especially in libe-

rally supporting a seminary for young ladies without fortunes, by presenting him with a gold medal. The generous soldier proved how well the honour was deserved. He spoke in humble terms of his own exertions to do good, as limited to the country of his birth; but said there was one there amongst them whose philanthropy was known to the world, and whose humanity extended to all nations. He was more worthy of the distinction. Accordingly, he sent the medal to Howard.

When our benevolent traveller had thoroughly examined the prisons and hospitals of St. Petersburg, he made an excursion for a like purpose to Cronstadt. He was at this time attacked with ague; yet he would not suffer the pain and prostration attending that disease to hinder his progress. The journey to Moscow was long, and the road rough and unfrequented; but these circumstances could not detain him. An escort was offered; but that savoured of ostentation, and was therefore declined. Having purchased a light carriage, he travelled the 500 miles in five days and

nights; not pulling off his clothes until the journey was accomplished, when, to use his own expression, he “had travelled his ague off.”

After a short stay at Moscow, Howard revisited Warsaw, Breslau, Berlin, Brunswick, and Osnaburgh. He then travelled again through Holland and Flanders. The hospitals received much of his attention on this tour, and he commended the great care and kindness with which the patients were treated by the religious sisterhoods. At Bruges he tells us that he visited one under the charge of twenty sisters, who rose every morning at four o'clock, and were most sedulous in their attention to the sufferers. Surprised and pleased at the interest taken by Howard in their establishment, and his evident sympathy with the afflicted inmates, they inquired if he was a Catholic, to which he at once replied, “I love good people of all religions.” The answer was not so satisfactory as the affection he had excited caused them to desire, and they added — “We hope you will die a Catholic.” Howard’s language of love on this occasion, and his whole

life, combined with a Protestant creed, sufficiently establish his claim to the title, though not in the sense intended by these charitable Sisters.*

He now returned to England *viâ* Ostend, having travelled 4465 miles without allowing himself to be diverted from his philanthropic purposes.

A few weeks were now spent with his son

* Mrs. Jamson, in her interesting little work, "Sisters of Charity," just published, gives the following notice of these sisters:—"The origin of the Bèguines, so well known in Flanders, is uncertain; but they seem to have existed as hospital sisters in the seventh century, and to have been settled in communities at Liège and elsewhere in 1173. They wear a particular dress (the black gown, and white hood,) *but take no vows, and may leave the community at any time,*—a thing which rarely happens.

* * All the hospitals in Flanders are served by these Bèguines. They have besides, attached to their houses, hospitals of their own, with a medical staff of physicians and surgeons, under whose direction, in all cases of difficulty, the sisters administer relief; and of the humility, skill, and tenderness with which they do administer it, I have never heard but one opinion; nor did I ever meet with any one who had travelled in those countries, who did not wish that some system of the kind could be transferred to England."

at Cardington, when arrangements were made for his going to Eton, but, on inquiry respecting the religious character of the master with whom he was to reside, there was much reason for any Christian parent to be dissatisfied, and young Howard, instead of becoming an Eton boy, was placed under private tuition at Nottingham. The prisons of the Metropolis and of several counties were then reinspected. Scotland was revisited, and the citizens of Edinburgh conferred on the Philanthropist the freedom of their city. After a short interval, another tour in Ireland was undertaken. On his arrival in Dublin, the University conferred on him an honorary degree of D.C.L.

Through the remainder of this year (1782), Howard continued his labours of benevolence, and a careful calculation shows that, during this one year, he travelled upwards of 8000 miles. He had now traversed all the countries of Europe, excepting Spain and Portugal. To the latter he had before steered his course, but Providence interposed, and his purpose was

prevented. He now sailed as the almoner of charity to the prisoner and the captive, — the messenger of mercy to the outcast. It was his appointed sphere, and he prospered. After a favourable voyage he landed at Lisbon, and at once entered upon his humane design. Some confined for debt were the first objects of his charity. He then visited the castle, where he found many secret chambers, in which prisoners were most closely confined. The ecclesiastical prison contained six priests and three women, committed “*pro salute animarum.*” Howard was not allowed to enter the prison of the inquisition, which is described as containing nineteen vaulted rooms, separated by walls six feet thick, and some of them called *secrete, totally dark*. In the Arsenal were a number of the slaves, some of whom had for years been chained to one spot.

On his arrival at Madrid Howard was indebted to the Count Compomanes for facility of access to the public institutions of Spain, but his influence could not secure admission for him into that habitation of cruelty which, beyond

all others, he desired to penetrate and explore. The Inquisition was then barred against secular authority. Always courageous, he resolved if possible to obtain an entrance, and therefore procured an introduction to the Grand Inquisitor, who received him at seven in the morning when at prayers. He afterwards led him to his dreadful judgment-seat, which was hung with scarlet, and over which was a crucifix: these, a table, at which were two chairs for the secretaries, and a stool, upon which many a victim had sat and trembled, constituted the furniture of this dismal place. But further than this anteroom of horrors Howard must not advance; he was already beyond the limits of philanthropy, and charity was excluded the gloomy portals to which this chamber led.

Valladolid was next visited, where he endeavoured to gain further access to the prison of the Inquisition there established, and the recommendations he had obtained secured him a somewhat more favourable reception. He was conducted into several rooms by two in-

quisitors, their secretaries, and two magistrates. In one there was a picture of an auto-da-fé in 1667, when ninety-seven persons were burned in presence of the Spanish court. The event might well be described by one of the inquisitors as "*horrendum ac tremendum spectaculum*." In other respects the scene of this dreadful tribunal resembled that at Madrid. Three doors led into the secretary's room, and an inscription denounced the greater excommunication upon any who should venture to intrude. The insignia of office were in two other rooms; and in one adjoining, the prohibited books, amongst them those of many English authors. Others contained the vestments in which the victims of this tribunal were occasionally clad. The sight of these things increased his desire to penetrate the more secret recesses. As an extraordinary privilege, he was allowed to ascend a private staircase; but on begging permission to look into the cells beyond, it was positively refused. None but prisoners, he was told, passed that threshold. "I would willingly become one for

a month," said the earnest Philanthropist, "if the permission might be granted on that condition." Three years, he was informed, was the shortest space for which any were consigned to the worse than sepulchral gloom of those woeful chambers. Moreover, he was assured that their wretched occupants were beyond the reach of compassion. Piteous moans were uttered within those walls, but no appeal disturbed the death-like stillness around their doors.

On his return through France, having visited all the penal and charitable institutions to which he could obtain access during a stay of ten days in Paris, Howard next proceeded to Lisle, where, amongst other prisons, he visited repeatedly the Tour de St. Pierre, in which were some sickly objects, who were grievously neglected. Their disease was infectious, and he caught it: his life was endangered; but he was mercifully restored, when he recorded his pious gratitude in the following terms:—

"I have abundant reason for thankfulness to Divine Providence for recovering me from a fever.

. . . I gratefully record and remember the mercy and goodness of God. For many days I have been in pain and sorrow ; the sentence of death was, as it were, upon me ; but I cried unto the Lord, and He delivered me, blessed for ever be His name ! O God ! do my soul good by this affliction ; make me more sensible of my entire dependence upon Thee ; more serious, more humble, more watchful, more abstracted from the world, better prepared to leave it ! May I live a life of faith in the great Redeemer, whom, having not seen, yet I hope I love, and desire to serve to the end of my days."

Howard's recovery was rapid ; and, as though the time of interruption in his philanthropic work, however profitably spent, must if possible be redeemed, we find him at the end of a fortnight diligently occupied in revisiting the prisons of Amsterdam. Thence he returned to England through Flanders, having so arranged his travelling as to reach home at the commencement of his son's vacation, who, after a few weeks, accompanied his father on another Irish tour, which was no sooner completed than Howard renewed his inspection of the Metropolitan and many provincial gaols. His

general report of them is expressed in this sentence : —

“ Their situation is better with respect to health ; but the association of so many criminals is utterly destructive of morals.”

Howard was of course consulted when new prisons were proposed ; but parsimony — as injudicious as it was cruel — sometimes prevented the adoption of his plans. The following letter contains some important suggestions concerning a proposed prison in London.†

“ Cardington, May 7. 1785.

“ Dear Sir,

* * * * * As you desire my opinion relative to fixing a prison in Grub Street, — assuredly a more eligible spot might be found. After I had viewed it, I called on Kerby, the keeper of Wood Street Compter, and told him that if no place spacious enough could be found at the water-side, Moorfields was a better place. He replied that it must be in the City. Of the two places, I then said, I should prefer Blackwell Hall, as my thoughts turned on the convenient proximity to Guildhall, and on the magistrates’ inspection if any complaint of abuses in the prison ; but in the

† The direction of this letter is destroyed.

plainest terms I have said, no prison should be in the middle of any town. The intention and spirit of the late Gaol Act (24 Geo. III. cap. 54.) is that prisons should be removed from close and confined places, to those more convenient and airy. (See clauses 4. and 5.) Mr. Eden and Mr. Mainwaring are both masters of this subject, and might have weight to make the City reconsider it. My proposals, by Mr. Harford, to the City Gaol Committee after the fire, to brick arch the cells and make the infirmary more airy, were not complied with; so I am persuaded any representation of mine would be to little purpose. With affectionate compliments, I am, dear Sir, sincerely yours,

JOHN HOWARD."

The indefatigable friend of the prisoner and the captive had now four times inspected almost every important prison in England, and he again went to Warrington to prepare another edition of his work, in which he embodied the results of his investigation both on the Continent and in the United Kingdom. A calculation is also found in his memorandum-book of this date, which describes the number of miles he had travelled in his missions of mercy as 42,033. But lest the record should at any

time suggest vainglory, he carefully guards it with the following addition : —

“To God alone be all the praise ! I do not regret the loss of many conveniences of life, but bless God who inclined my mind to such a scheme.”

Some apprehension of pecuniary embarrassment seems to have weighed heavily upon Howard’s mind at this time, and to have induced the following letter to his friend Mr. Whitbread :—

“Cardington, June 21. 1785.

“Dear Sir,

“I will trust you as the first with a secret which has some time been hid in my own breast ; namely, that about Christmas I shall probably take a final leave of Cardington. You might guess that prior to my sister’s death * I was somewhat involved by my reforming schemes. Her death and her great kindness to me, enlarged my ideas, and I persevered, though I foresaw the prosecution thereof would prevent my living in the easy manner I had done. Viewing the great expense thereof, and knowing that with my very moderate parts, nothing but a long and continued application to the subject would carry me through it ; I

* This occurred in 1777. She bequeathed him about 20,000*l*.

did not allow myself my natural rest, and, for some years, hardly the necessaries of life. I quitted my town house (where I know not that there were a dozen joints of meat in the seven years) and came to Cardington. Some money I have laid out in necessary repairs, and every bill was paid to Lady Day; but I do see that, with strictest economy here, my expences will exceed my actual certain income, so I propose living in some airy lodgings in town; and perhaps by my attendance on the hospitals of which I am a governor, I may wear out my life usefully. I am, dear Sir, your affectionate and obliged,

“ J. H.

“ S. Whitbread, Esq., M. P.”

It might be expected that Mr. Whitbread would deprecate these plans, and in his prompt reply he writes: —

“ June 24. 1785.

“ I shall keep the contents of your letter to myself, and give you my opinion thereon, as a friend, when we meet, which will probably be at the assizes, and will only remark now that it struck me like an alarum bell. Surely, I said, Mr. Howard has not well digested his ideas on this subject. Has he not a son who is deeply interested in every thought of his heart? Can he live cheaper, &c. &c.? I am sorry to have heard of

such a plan. It requires revising again and again.
I am, dear Sir, your very affectionate friend,

“S. W.”

This expostulation called forth another letter from the Philanthropist, which displays much of his frankness, generosity, and affection. It was right not to comply with his request to “burn it;” but perhaps to transcribe it entire to these pages might be improper. In it Howard thankfully acquiesces in his friend’s advice, and acknowledges that his project was occasioned by fear lest his charities should fail; he then adds, —

* * * “When a fortune is reduced, or is reducing, it seems right to set one’s foot at a certain point, and not to recede, for to have one’s mind uneasy (on such matter) in old age must be misery!

“My long absence from home, and giving my son his will, has been a detriment to him. I have often told him my income, but he seems as if he would have as little knowledge of saving as his father. Marriage, I little think of; it is too late in life both for me and a lady who is very affluent.”

* * *

Howard further adds that, although government had derived advantage from his exertions, yet he should be unwilling to receive any compensation, — a proposal which seems to have been made by the Duke of Richmond and Lord Shelburn, because —

* * * “They knew that, under Providence, I was partly instrumental in putting the gaols in such a situation that, although several hundreds were sent from them last war into our army and navy, yet no regiments were infected, nor any ships laid up; the reverse of which had ever been the case in former wars, notwithstanding all the care and precaution taken to prevent sick persons coming amongst them. This observation Dr. Lind of Gosport made to me.

“Burn this letter, yet believe me that I shall remain your affectionate and obliged friend,

“J. HOWARD.

“S. Whitbread, Esq., M. P.”

The reader has learned something of young Howard's life, and may probably have anticipated the sad tale of the present page. He has been told of the ardent love which was the constraining motive of all the father's conduct, and of the austere manner which concealed the

fervour of that affection for the wayward child; how the intense anxiety of paternal fondness prompted the mistaken course of stern control; how the son, doubly endeared, was the subject of—

“Care full of Love, and yet severe as Hate!
O’er the soul’s joy so oft did Fondness frown!”

Now the consequences of such culture were too evident. A long interval had elapsed since Howard relinquished the early education of his child, and his frequent journeys had prevented constant intercourse. But the impressions of infancy were never effaced; the early prejudice against the parent who exacted submission by the force of authority, instead of inducing filial obedience by the influence of love, had never been corrected. The father’s power had now passed away, but the son’s prejudice remained. No permanent motive to revere that father had been implanted. For him the froward youth felt little respect and less affection. These safeguards against temptation were gone; and, thus exposed, he was ensnared by one whose

seducements he would have repelled with horror if he had been led to love and honour the parent whom he could no longer be compelled to obey. Thomasson, the early attendant of young Howard, has been described as on that account the favourite servant of the father. He was regarded by him as entirely trustworthy whilst he was guilty of the most cruel treachery. Taking advantage of his confidential service, he instilled the most abominable sentiments into the mind of the simple lad ; and, during a stay in London about this time, he took the opportunities afforded by the early hour at which his master retired to rest, to introduce him to places of the worst resort and to companions of the most profligate character. Many months passed before this villany was discovered. At length the faithful coachman suspected the evil, and before his master left home in 1785 he endeavoured to persuade him to take his son with him. But the journey was perilous, and Howard would not without good reason expose his servant, much less his son, to the danger from which he himself in the discharge of duty did

not shrink. Thomasson therefore was left at home; and then, with a vanity, the baseness of which was aggravated by his shameless perfidy, he boasted to his fellow-servants of the corrupting influence he had exerted. The poor victim of his atrocious conduct had been entered at the University of Edinburgh, and was placed by his father under the care of Dr. Blacklock before he embarked. But, ere long, his vicious excesses brought on disease: ashamed to consult a physician, he applied remedies himself which produced permanent injury. A nervous temperament was ere long followed by evident symptoms of mental aberration. After a time, therefore, the distressed father took him again to Cardington, where, although his conduct was destructive of Howard's comfort, yet, separated from evil associates and soothed by kindness, he in a measure recovered. Conscious that his own influence was lost, and yet hopeful that change of scene, some further education, and intercourse with superiors, might reclaim and restore the unhappy youth, Howard accompanied him to Cambridge, at which University

he had several friends; amongst them the Rev. R. Robinson, to whose special care he commended him. He was then entered a Fellow Commoner of St. John's College.

It was not because the subject of our Memoir was bowed down with disappointment and distress on account of the circumstances we have described, and was therefore weary of life, that he resolved to confront Death in its most frightful form, and sought at so much personal risk to avert from others that scourge by which the Destroyer triumphed. Holier motives incited Howard when he entered upon a task which none beside would undertake, and endeavoured by personal investigation to ascertain the means by which the raging pestilence might be restrained or numberless sufferers be relieved. This resolution was expressed first to Mr. Whitbread in the following letter, dated October 26. 1785.

“ Dear Sir,

“ For several months past I have thought on a scheme of a new publication, of an 8vo size, for the use of those who will give sincere attendance

on prisons, hospitals, and poor-houses. This I had partly resolved on before I came to town ; and it inclined me rather to sell than to let my Hackney estate. It will take me about eighteen months to collect new materials, (three or four of them I shall be abroad, and shall go to Marseilles,) to get plans of lazarettos, and (to ascertain) their manner of treating the sick. If I thought the French would now confine me I would endeavour to get an ambassador's protection, or that of the Secretary of State. I know such schemes are liable to fatal miscarriages ; but I have made up my mind on the subject ; so I thought it proper to give you the earliest intelligence of my determination. With esteem I am sincerely yours,

“JOHN HOWARD.”

Having made due preparations for the enterprise upon which he had determined, Howard sailed for Holland in November, 1785. He desired to commence his inquiries at Marseilles, but, aware of the jealousy with which the French watched their trade with the Levant, he foresaw there would be some difficulty in gaining access to the lazaretto of that port ; he therefore secured the negotiation of Lord Caermarthen, who was then foreign secretary.

The following letter shows with how little success : —

“ Rotterdam, December 12. 1785.

“ Dear Sir,

“ I should have done myself the pleasure of writing sooner, had I not daily hoped to have informed you of the result of your kind visit to Lord Carmarthen. It has not been successful, as in his letter to Sir James Harris he says, ‘ It was with some difficulty that even the Emperor was allowed to see the lazaretto.’ These very narrow principles run through the French police.

“ I thank you for your kind intentions; but official applications, as I have told our ambassadors, impede my plans. I am on my way to Bruxelles, where I shall fix my further route. Should I go to Leghorn, there, I am persuaded, I shall have a generous reception.

“ I have not been quite idle since I came into this country, having collected several ordinances and circumstances relative to the police as adopted in the towns have visited. Some of them are worthy of imitation, as their night-watch regulations to prevent fire, &c.

“ I am very well: though this is a bad country for winter, yet I get comfortably on, as I know Dutch enough to ask my way and for what I want.

“ With affectionate compliments to Miss Whit-

bread, Lady St. John, and Miss Mary, I remain
your sincere friend,

“J. HOWARD.

“S. Whitbread, Esq., M. P.

“P. S. I will write within fourteen days, as I shall not stay long at Bruxelles. I have a little business at Breda; I hope to be there to-morrow, as the rivers are not yet frozen.”

Howard considering that any report of lazarettos would be imperfect unless it described that of Marseilles, determined, confiding in the protection of Divine Providence, to make a personal inspection, notwithstanding a further threat of incarceration in the Bastile if he entered France. Proceeding therefore by way of Dort, Antwerp, and Brussels, he reached Paris in a few days. To avoid detection he went to an obscure inn, having taken his place by the Lyons diligence which started the next morning. At an early hour he went to bed, but about midnight was aroused by a violent knocking at his room-door. Access was demanded, and, on the door being opened, the servant, with a candle in each hand, followed by a man in black clothes, with a sword

at his side, entered, and in a tone of authority asked if his name was not Howard. "Yes; and what of that?" was the bold reply. "Did you come to Paris in the Brussels diligence, in company with a man in a black wig?" was the further inquiry; to which question he answered, with equal intrepidity, that he "paid no attention to such trifles." The unwelcome visitor then retired. Howard might well fear that his design was frustrated, but he was not again disturbed, and at the appointed hour he very gladly took his seat and set off for Lyons. He now travelled as an English physician, and was happy enough to sustain the character he assumed by prescribing with good effect for a lady who was taken ill on the journey. On his arrival at Lyons after the midnight interruption, he would not needlessly expose himself, but visited two or three Protestant clergymen. Yet the remembrance of misery in the dungeons of this city forbade his progress before he had again seen its prisons and hospitals. Thence he proceeded to Avignon; and on visiting the prison there he tells us—

“ On taking notice of the rings, pulleys, &c. for the torture, the gaoler told me he had seen drops of blood mingled with the sweat on the breasts of some who had suffered.”

On reaching Marseilles, Howard went to his friend the Rev. Mr. Durand, who, on seeing him, at once said — “ Mr. Howard, I have always been glad to see you till now. Leave France as fast as you can; I know they are searching for you in all directions.” Here too he discovered that the man in a black wig, who travelled with him to Paris, was sent as a spy by the French ambassador at the Hague, and that he would have been at once arrested but that many had recently been taken into custody on frivolous pretences, and the prefect, who had left Paris for the day, had given orders that no further arrests should be made until his return. This occurred on the following evening, when the humane traveller was sought for, but in vain. Such a providential circumstance must have inspired him with fresh confidence, and the advice of his friend was not followed. Access was procured to the lazaretto, and all the in-

formation he desired obtained. A plan was made, and the particulars published.

By the following letter we are enabled to trace Howard's progress.

“Leghorn, February, 13. 1786.

“Dear Sir,

“I have the pleasure—the particular pleasure—to receive a letter from you with the account of my son and several other interesting matters. I came here early yesterday morning by sea from Genoa. I have seen several lazarettos, and have received every assistance from the governor here, as I did from the magistrates of Genoa; so I have copied all the plans, and the regulations are given me. I have all encouragement to pursue my object, and I persuade myself it will be of use to mankind.

“I have now taken a final leave of France. I am sensible that I ran a great risk, but I accomplished my object in five days at Marseilles. At Toulon I went all over the arsenal, though strict orders are given that no strangers, particularly no English, shall come in. All business there is at a stand, and 400 workmen were just discharged. Three men-of-war were on the stocks, but there was no timber, and there is no money. The misery in the southern provinces is beyond conception.

“ I forced a small vessel out at Toulon, and was a few days in a desolate island. My Protestant friends thought I could not get out by land, as my person was ascertained at Paris. They were my friends, and the only friends I could trust, and happy I was to arrive at Nice, out of the country of a deceitful, jealous, and ungenerous people.

“ I bless God I am well, with calm and easy spirits. In no way do I alter my mode of living. I have been happy in meeting with good company, so that I got a bed in monasteries, &c. I can bear great fatigue, and when forced into disagreeable company, in dirty houses, I make them, and thus myself, as easy as possible. I go to Florence, Rome, and Naples, as I cannot go through Germany. I hope to see your son *en passant*. Several persons of different countries whom I have met, spoke in the highest commendation of him. I value myself on the relationship.

“ I thank you for your letters in Holland. They know of my return that way. I hope all things go easy in Bedfordshire. Your elegant lodge there I suppose is nearly finished. Whether I shall be quiet at Cardington a year or two before I die, God knows, but I must say I hope and wish for it. * * * I direct to you the letter for my son. I hope he will find the happy medium, and be a wise and good man.

“ May I say that I see the fruits of my labour in France and other countries! I rejoice and glory in my mode of travelling. France might have deprived me of liberty, but could not have made me miserable; like as in the torture, there is an impassable line.

“ Affectionate compliments to Harriot, &c. A line under your letter to Thompson that I am well. Can yet fix nothing of my servant’s meeting me. I go on at a much easier expence. I am, dear Sir, truly and affectionately yours,

“ JOHN HOWARD.

“ To Samuel Whitbread, Esq., M. P.”

Amongst subjects of greater importance, Howard refers to the little effect which discomforts in travelling occasioned. A curious conversation illustrative of this has been preserved by one of his friends.*

“ Mr. Howard favoured me with a morning visit. The weather was so very terrible that I had forgot his inveterate exactness, and had yielded up even the hope, for his own sake, of expecting him. Twelve at noon was to be the hour, and exactly as the clock struck he entered; the wet—for it rained in torrents—dripping

* Mr. Pratt, Gleanings, vol. i. 218. *et seq.*

from every part of his dress, like water from a sheep just landed from its washing. He would not even have attended to his situation, having sat himself down with the utmost composure, and begun conversation, had I not made an offer of dry clothes, &c.

“‘ Yes,’ said he, smiling, ‘ I had my fears, as I knocked at your door that we should go over the old business of apprehensions about a little rain-water, which, though it does not run from off my back as it does from that of a duck, goose, or any other aquatic bird, it does me as little injury ; and after a long drought is refreshing. The coat I have now on has been as often wetted through as any duck’s in the world, and, indeed, gets no other sort of cleaning. I do assure you, a good soaking shower is the best brush for broad-cloth in the universe. You, like the rest of my friends, throw away your pity upon my supposed hardships with just as much reason as you commiserate the common beggars, who, being familiar with storms and hurricanes, necessity and nakedness, are a thousand times — so forcible is habit — less to be compassionated than the sons and daughters of ease and luxury, who, accustomed to all the enfeebling refinements of feathers by night and fires by day, are taught to feel like the puny creature stigmatised by Pope, who shivered at a breeze. All this is the work of art, my good friend ; nature is

more independent of external circumstances. * * *
 To be serious, I am convinced that what emasculates the body debilitates the mind, and renders both unfit for those exertions which are of such use to us as social beings.’”

Pisa, Florence, and Rome were next visited, and Howard was honoured with an interview with the Papal Sovereign, when all ceremony usual on such occasions was dispensed with. And never did the outward show of subjection to his supremacy so dignify that aged prelate as his condescension and benignity on this occasion, when, on taking leave of his visitor, the venerable pontiff clasped his hand, and affectionately said — “*I know you Englishmen do not value these things ; but the blessing of an old man can do you no harm.*”

From Rome the illustrious traveller proceeded to Naples, and thence embarked for Malta, where he arrived on the 29th of March. The weather on his voyage became tempestuous, and the crew was in extreme peril, but mercifully preserved. Sicily had been almost depopulated by tremendous earthquakes, and the

lazaretto of Messina was seen in ruins, so that Howard felt the less regret at being unable to land. Access to the prisons and hospitals of Malta was ensured by a letter from the British ambassador at Naples. To these we have an interesting reference in a letter written from Zante.

“Zante, May 1. 1786.

“Dear Sir,

“I wrote to you from Naples, where I took shipping for Malta. As there was no object in my line in Sicily, we lay four or five days close to Messina, Catania, Syracuse, &c. We saw some of the awful effects of the earthquake; and even a fortnight before there was a shock which the ships felt at a great distance. I was three weeks at Malta to see the celebrated hospital, reported to have 600 patients all served by the knights, &c. in plate. My letter from Sir William Hamilton to the Grand Master flung open every place to me. At the first visit he promised to supply me from his own table with butter for my tea, and about a pound was directly sent to me, with promises, compliments, &c. In a week after I waited on the Grand Master, who asked me what I thought of his hospitals. I told him freely my opinion, and pointed out many glaring abuses and improprieties which, if his Highness would but at times look into

his hospitals, would be redressed. Alas! here was an end of all my presents; so my tea was ever after with dry bread. I did not, however, cease visiting those places even to the last day, as there was a placidness in the countenances of the patients through the many alterations that were then made. I took a formal *congé* of the *Religion*, as there called, who are detested by the Maltese for their pride and profligacy. In short, they are a nest of pirates, running on the Barbary coast, and catching all the little boats of fishermen and traffickers in the creeks, bringing them with their wives and children into perpetual slavery. They wear the cross, the ensign of the Prince of Peace, and yet declare eternal war and destruction to their fellow-creatures.

“ There being no ship at Malta for Smyrna, I came here in search of one, either for that city or Constantinople, and the first fair wind one is expected. We have had a bad travelling year, constant storms in this sea; but I am told I may expect good winds, as this sea is bad six months and good the remainder. There is a report here that a large Turkey ship is lost in the Levant, but the crew saved. We have no inns here, but I have a good room in the late bishop's palace, who died last year. I have it to myself, and am locked in, but the old bishop has not yet haunted his heretical successor. He left me an old chair, but bed, and

even chamber articles, I was forced to purchase at Malta.

“That which we call the currant in England, is a grape. I shall send a barrel home to make the poor at Cardington a Christmas pudding.

“My friend, I am afraid, thinks me a rash adventurer on account of my French expedition; but courage and conduct accomplish many things. Perhaps I should not tell him I am going on my present expedition with but little money in my pocket, and no credit; yet I persuade myself that I shall not want. Should I draw on you, I doubt not you will pay my drafts; but I spend little money. The medical line during the contagion live very low. Everything here is very cheap, meat 2*d.* a pound. Supplies are from Turkey; the continent is about eight or ten miles off. The Greeks are fine figures, but the young women never appear till they are married.

“Please to inform my son, and any person you think proper, I am well. I will write to him from my next encampment. With affectionate compliments to Harriot, Lady St. John, and my worthy young friend Samuel, I am most sincerely yours,

“J. HOWARD.

“S. Whitbread, Esq., M. P.”

Arrived at Smyrna, taking a dragoman into his service, he immediately sought admission to

the prisons and hospitals. At the gate of the chief prison were three Turks idly smoking, who gave a surly reply to his application; but on hearing that he was a physician they were respectful, and complied with his request. Another result of his professional celebrity was, that he attended the Cadi on his visit to the shopkeepers to examine their weights and measures, when, if any were faulty, imprisonment followed, or the bastinado was at once inflicted. Terror was evident in the countenances of all, as well it might be, for mere suspicion on the part of an incompetent judge entailed that cruel severity of miscalled speedy justice. Amongst the hospitals visited, Howard found that one was under the government of an aged prior, who, having himself suffered from the plague, was now devoting himself to the relief of others, in fulfilment of a vow. From him he learned that about half the number of his patients died.

From Smyrna the unwearied Philanthropist went by sea to Constantinople, where, without hesitation, he visited hospitals in which the

plague was raging with such malignancy that physicians would not approach. The following are extracts from his notes:—

“ At Galata I found the sick lying on the floors. All were neglected ; for none of the faculty would attend them. I requested a young physician who accompanied me to this hospital to set the charitable example. In another I saw many sick and dying objects lying on dirty mats on the floors. In the midst, however, of this neglect of human beings, I saw an *asylum for cats*,—an instance of attention which astonished me.”

The report of Howard's medical skill had reached an officer high in authority at the Ottoman Porte, whose daughter was so afflicted as to have baffled all the efforts of the Turkish physicians. The stranger prescribed, and restored her; and if the delighted father then looked upon her benefactor as possessed of superhuman power, his refusal to accept of any compensation, when a purse of 2000 sequins (about 900*l.*) was pressed upon him, did not lessen his admiration. The disinterested friend of every sufferer told the grateful parent that

he did not practise for gain, but that a dish of grapes from his garden would be acceptable to him. He was of course liberally supplied during the remainder of his stay.

A shocking proof was afforded to Howard of the summary and sanguinary vengeance inflicted upon supposed defaulters. The Chamberlain, who had supplied the city with bread, had been summoned by the Grand Vizier. On his arrival in great state at the palace, he was asked why the bread was so bad. "The last harvest was not a good one," was the reply. Apparently satisfied on this point, "Why," said the Vizier, "is the weight short?" "That," said the Chamberlain, "may have happened with two or three loaves, out of so large a number:" he then promised that greater care should be taken. He was ordered from the presence: an executioner was commanded to strike off his head in the street forthwith, and to expose his body for three days, with three light loaves beside it to denote the crime. Howard expressed some surprise that it had not bred a contagion; when he was in-

formed that the exposure had been only for one entire day. The man had been decapitated in the evening, and the body had lain during the next day, but was removed early in the morning of the third day. "Thus," says Dr. Brown, upon whose authority this statement is given, "the manner of computation in use at the time of our Saviour's crucifixion and burial still subsists among the eastern nations."

The Philanthropist now thought of returning, but on reflection it appeared to him that the information he had obtained concerning lazarettos, and the regulations of quarantine, were chiefly from report, the accuracy of which might be suspected; so that his labour, for the sake of a similar institution in England, might be lost. To prevent such an objection, he formed a marvellous resolution of philanthropy; he determined to encounter misery in its most malignant form, that so he might learn the best means for its removal! he resolved to subject himself to the perils and privations of a strict quarantine, and to ascertain by personal endurance the discipline of a pest-house! To

this end he proposed to return to Smyrna, where the direful disease was still prevailing, and from which port he might take his passage in some vessel with a "foul bill of health." On his way he visited the hospitals of Salonica and Scio.

From the former place, Howard wrote to his friend, and describes some interesting events of his voyage.

"Salonica, July 22. 1786.

"Dear Sir,

"I came here about a week ago from Constantinople, where, having the kindest reception from Sir Robert Ainslie, I stayed a month; but the line I take (as physician) prevented my lodging in his house.

"We had a quick passage to this place, which was a happiness, since one in our boat was taken ill, and, as I ever pass for a doctor, he was brought to me. I felt the pulse of both his hands, and examined him, and then said he had caught cold and must be kept warm, and by himself. In two hours after I sent for a French captain, whom we took up at the Dardanelles, and told him not to alarm the crew, but that I was persuaded that man had the plague. In two days after we landed I saw his grave.

"I bless God, I am quite well, with calm, steady

spirits ; but I hope my young friend will never think of visiting this country. With all the conveniences and precautions of other British travellers, the risk is too great for the small acquisition of knowledge or pleasure in such a tour.

“ All the British merchants unite in saying the Levant trade would be doubled if there was a lazaretto in England. The Dutch run away with our trade, and the great risk of the plague in England is by the very slight quarantine in Holland. But of that I will get the best information when I am in Holland.

“ I am now bound for the island of Scio, as there are the best hospitals in all the Levant. From thence I get to some of the islands in the Gulf of Venice, and so to Venice, there to perform my quarantine, as I have the strongest recommendations from the Venetian ambassador to have everything flung open to me.

“ It may be some time before I can write again, as there are no posts in the islands, and August calms in these seas. I have not been so lucky as to fall in with any English ship, or as to have travelled one mile with any of my countrymen, or with any servant since I left England. Affectionate compliments to my young friends. I remain, most sincerely yours,

“ JOHN HOWARD.

“ S. Whitbread, Esq., M.P.

“ P. S. I have taken the liberty to draw on you from this place for thirty pounds.

“ Hot weather ! but I live on tea, milk, and bread, and never dine with any person ; so I keep cool for my prison visits.”

On landing at Scio, Howard visited the hospital for lepers. They were in separate apartments ; had little gardens, in which grew almonds, herbs, figs, and grapes : two streams of water from the mountains flowed through them. Their visitor begged that they might have baths provided.

On reaching Smyrna, the hero of humanity finding a vessel bound for Venice with the “ foul bill ” — a requisite none beside ever sought for — at once went on board. They had not sailed far before his valour was called forth in a new sphere. Having touched at the Morea for water, they had no sooner got to sea again than a Tunisian privateer attacked them. Bravery was shown on both sides, but the Moors were the stronger party, and there was little hope of escape from those merciless pirates. There was a large cannon on board :

which being loaded with spikes, nails, and other missiles, and pointed by Howard, just as the corsair was bearing down upon them, was discharged with such effect that several were slain, and the survivors sheered off. Thankful for the strength by which he had been sustained, he ascribed the victory to Him who gave it. The absence of vainglory proves the source of his valour, and few will doubt the truth of his declaration, — “ This interposition of Divine Providence saved us from a dreadful fate.”* Nor was this the first time a ship’s crew had been preserved in those seas because one who spake the words of prayer, confidence, and praise sailed amongst them.†

Thus mercifully delivered,—not merely from the risk of slavery, which must have been the result of capture, even had life been spared, but, as Howard tells us, from certain death, since, as he afterwards learned, “ the captain had determined to blow up the ship rather than

* Lazarettos, p. 22.

† “ God hath given thee all them that sail with thee.”
— *Acts* xxvii. 24.

surrender," — they now pursued their voyage towards Venice, touching at Corfu and Castle-Novo as they passed. Howard, on his arrival, anxious to become acquainted with all the precautions connected with the quarantine, accompanied the captain to the health office. The next day he was conducted to a lazaretto, and thence, after a few days, removed to another, both of which were extremely dirty; and, although the regulations were good, they were disregarded. During his close confinement in these pestilential abodes, he wrote several letters to his friends and servants, and from these we shall best learn his condition and state of mind. From them also we ascertain his feelings with reference to two events, opposed to each other in their nature and general tendency, but to the Christian character of Howard, if not equally distressing, yet both productive of much vexation and poignant sorrow. One was an attempt to dignify him with the highest honour; the other, calculated to disgrace his name and to destroy his dearest hopes. A magnificent statue was proposed to

perpetuate his fame : the misconduct of his son might have been a cause of lasting infamy, but for virtues which afford such ample vindication.

The first suggestion for erecting a monument to Howard was made by a correspondent of the "Gentleman's Magazine" for May 1786, who had met him in Rome, and in the course of a short conversation, conceived the highest admiration of his character. He describes him as "the most truly glorious of mortal beings, whom he all but worshipped." With an activity in accordance with his enthusiastic expression, he began to form a fund, and reasonably expected that the friends of Howard, and of the humanity which he saw personified, would readily contribute towards a statue commemorative of such merit. The proposal was welcomed by all, excepting the most intimate associates of Howard. Those who knew little more of him than his humanity were disposed to deify him, like the generous person who suggested the plan ; but the few who, by more close communion, had discovered the really godlike nature of his benevolence, and continually dis-

cerned the Christian motive of his charity, discouraged the scheme.

When conveying information of this design, which they were persuaded would be so unwelcome, it was the more painful task of his correspondents to acquaint Howard with the flagrant misconduct of his unhappy son. The affectionate father, on his departure, had left him in possession of Cardington, with power over his household, and permission to invite to his home what companions he might choose. Although much care had been taken to introduce him to a class of young men in Cambridge whose influence might be most favourable to the correction of his character, he soon, by misconduct, disgusted them, and contracted friendship with a set more congenial to his depraved principles and evil habits. During the vacations, these were the visitors at Cardington; and, within those walls where the voice of harmony and love and holiness had long prevailed, strange sounds of discord, revelry, and vice were often heard. The pious domestics commiserated each other, prayed for

the prodigal, and anticipated in some measure their master's grief. Sometimes the behaviour, both at home and amongst the tenants of that peaceful village, was so bad as to oblige them to complain and seek redress. On these occasions they generally applied to the Rev. Mr. Smith, who, as the chief friend of his father, still retained some influence over this most pitiable youth. The feeling manifested, the unfounded prejudices and ungoverned passions, soon convinced that friend that they were assignable to some mental derangement. The time, however, had not arrived when of necessity the parent must learn the heart-rending truth; and Mr. Smith in communicating to Howard the knowledge of his son's offences, carefully abstained from describing the suspected cause. The following letter, addressed to Mr. Whitbread, declares the anguish which such intelligence occasioned.

“ Venice, Lazaretto, Oct. 12. 1786.

“ Dear Sir,

“ I have been two months tossed about with the equinoctial winds; nearly taken by a Tunis pirate; and now confined in an infectious lazaretto;

yet my spirits and resolution did not forsake me : but on the receipt of your letter, and those of two other friends yesterday, I could hardly lift up my head. With David, I say, ‘Oh my son Absalom, my son, my son!’ and am even ready to add, would to God the raging waves had swallowed me up! But—I check myself—‘Shall I receive good from the hand of God, and shall I not receive evil!’ I have written to him this post, and also to Mr. Tatnall. Will travelling amuse him? I consent to anything. I once thought that he was of a soft complying temper; I afterwards saw what grieved me. I have often cautioned him not to fling away, by his folly and indiscretion, the probable advantages he enjoyed, but to bend his mind to some particular study; but, alas! alas! I shall hasten home—but still forty days’ confinement! May I again be favoured with a line to Vienna? By night and by day I will come from thence to Amsterdam, and directly to England.

“With this great misfortune, I see with accumulated pain what is going forward in England. My greatest enemy could not have wounded me more. Thanks, thanks to every friend who has checked and not subscribed. But alas! could not my friends have stopped it at first by an advertisement? How has my mind revolted when publicly desired to sit for my picture; for alas! our best performances have such a miserable mixture of folly and

sin that 'tis vanity and presumption to desire praise.

“ I am sensible of your kindness in your exertions for a new gaol. With esteem, respect, and affection, I am your afflicted friend,

“ J. HOWARD.

“ S. Whitbread, Esq., M. P.

“ P. S. My love to my worthy friend Samuel, to Harriot, Mary, Lord and Lady St. John. * * * * * The Consul at Zante, I find, did not send the currants for my Cardington friends ; I have given the commission to the Vice-consul, and they will now be sent. * * * * * When you write, let me know if you have less of those head-aches you are so subject to. Ever avoid those night-sittings in the House : the air is not many degrees better than that around my present habitation.”

A few days after the date of the above letter, Howard received some intimation of the real cause of his son's excesses, when the following was written : —

“ Venice, Lazaretto, Oct. 26. 1786.

“ Dear Sir,

“ I wrote to you on the first impressions on my mind respecting two unhappy affairs. In a few days my spirits flowed in their usual calm and steady channel, not but, when my thoughts turn

either to the one or the other, it gives me concern ; it pains and distresses me. As to the first, I never heard my sister even hint that there was any insanity in my father's family. * * * * * I have written to my son, and shall again soon. The hearts of all are in God's hand. There I must leave it, and sigh in secret !

“ As to the other affair, I have set every engine to work, if not to extinguish the flame, yet to cool and abate it. Whoever first set it on foot ? Sure I am that the promoters of such a scheme were totally ignorant of my temper and disposition ! Many, many things plead against such a step. * * * * * I bless God, I know myself too well to take any pleasure in such undeserved praise. I desire again to acknowledge your kind and judicious reply to Dr. Lettsom, in whose company I have never passed one hour.

“ Parade and show my friend Mr. Whitbread well knew was not my ruling passion, and God knows whether I mind riches, or pleasures, or glory among men. A private burial I had fixed if I died in England. If I die abroad, in confidence I enclose a paper which you will return me if I have the pleasure, as indeed it will be, to see you ; and almost the last words I said to Thomas (knowing the dangerous expedition I was going upon) were to the same purpose, as to my not being removed if I died abroad, and as to the

plain slip of marble and the inscription. I thought it would show that my mind was fixed and unaltered.

“I have sent some of my drawings of lazarettos to be engraved in Holland. I shall hasten home as I told you; but it must be some months, as the winter roads in Germany, of which my good young friend may have some idea, and the snows make travelling slow work. I am also wanted, having the will, &c. of the late Sir Lionel Vane Fletcher. Soon after my arrival I must perform my promise to some Irish members. I intended then to visit Scotland, and also to give my farewell present to every county gaol, namely a Bible, which I have spoken about, and which was to be doubly chained. After these four things, I hoped to have retired in obscurity and silence. But now alas! I fear there will be no rest for me till in my grave. With affectionate remembrances, dear Sir, believe me ever truly yours,

“JOHN HOWARD.

“S. Whitbread, Esq., M.P.

“Betwixt friends, if the enthusiasm cannot be stopped, which I persuade myself it will be, at my death it will be my earnest and dying request, which, with the cooled zeal of the present committee—not one of whom I know—may have some effect. If it be not possible now to prevent it, I think I shall ever carefully avoid the spot; for if my character had been reviled, and myself

held in the greatest contempt, I hardly think I should have been more disgusted and displeased. Adieu, Adieu.

“ I have a better room, but it is very cold, dirty, and offensive. I have washed the walls with hot water, but with no effect. I shall privately get in some lime. I will slake it in boiling water, and then wash the walls.

“ My guard shall well fumigate this letter, that there may be no danger in it. I am the more careful as, when I was at Scio, two families had the plague, which was generally attributed to an infectious letter one of them, who was a merchant, had received: the other family were in an adjoining house. I have no fear. Should it ever be in London I will visit the meanest house.

“ Yours, &c.

“ J. H.”

DIRECTIONS, &c.

“ If it should please God to remove me by death, either here, or at Zante, Smyrna, or Constantinople, I would calmly acquiesce in what He does as *wise* and *good*.

“ I hope I am in the way of my duty, but God wants not such a weak and unworthy instrument to promote His glory or the welfare of mankind. If any good has been done, to Him be all the praise.

“ My immortal spirit I commit to my Saviour,

in whom is all fulness of pardon and mercy, even for me the vilest of sinners. He is the Lord our Righteousness, my Sacrifice, my God.

“As to my body, open a vein or two to see that I am dead; bury it in a very plain, not expensive way, in the English burying-ground, and *not* to be removed from thence; and on the same day, give twenty Venetian gold sequins to twenty poor widows.

“Write to William Tatnall, Esq., and to Samuel Whitbread, Esq., M. P., informing them of the event, and that I wish only a plain stone may be placed in the wall both here and at Cardington, with this inscription:—

JOHN HOWARD.

Died 1786. Aged 59.

Christ is my Hope.

“My temporal concerns, but what is far more important my spiritual concerns, have been too little thought of. As to the former, my will is with Mr. Tatnall; that I must leave to the discretion of my boy and his uncle. God has many ways to bless, succeed, and make up deficiencies.”

Before leaving Venice another letter was despatched to Mr. Whitbread:—

“Venice, Sunday, Nov. 26. 1786.

“Dear Sir,

“I have just received your letter. My quaran-

tine of forty-two days finished the 22nd, but I could not stir till this day, as the linen, &c. all wanted washing. I go off by the first ship to Trieste, but shall stop there only a day or two, and proceed directly for Vienna. Sir Robert Keith writes me that he has several letters for me. My friends must consider that my close confinement, after a long and dangerous voyage — even had I nothing to distress my mind — must weaken my constitution, yet I hope the pure mountain air will revive me. I wish to return as fast as possible on my own account as on that of my friends ; to take off the weight they have on their minds relative to my son, who not a waking hour is out of my thoughts. If he is insane, from whatever cause, I would look to the First. It is one of the greatest of afflictions, and an inexpressible grief to a parent. I, for once, rejoice that his mother is at rest, and I would be still, and bow to the Almighty who has appointed it.

“I am glad to hear that a stop is likely to be made to what would have been so disagreeable to me — the exposing me to the public.

“I sadly drooped in my room in the lazaretto for three or four weeks. It was as offensive as a sick ward ; but after washing it with lime slaked in boiling water it was fresh and sweet, and my appetite for my bread and tea returned, and I left a clean room to my successor. Sincere respects to

Mr. Samuel and the ladies. I ever remain, affectionately yours,

“JOHN HOWARD.

“Samuel Whitbread, Esq., M. P.

“P. S. Thanks for your kind answer as to my credit here. I drew for 50*l.* as expenses at lazarettos are high: excellent regulations in every department, but alas!—I have just agreed for a boat to Trieste. I go off directly.”

The last sentence in the foregoing letter was evidently written in great haste when Howard was about to embark. Having crossed the Adriatic to Trieste, although still suffering from the low fever contracted in the filthy lazaretto, he visited its prisons and hospitals, and thence passed on rapidly to Vienna. On his arrival he found letters which unreservedly informed him of his son's mental derangement, and called forth expressions of deep sorrow but combined with Christian resignation.

“Vienna, Dec. 16. 1786.

“Dear Sir,

“On my arrival here I found several of your letters, the last dated the 17th of November, from my much esteemed young friend. By my letter from Mr. Tatnall I have the dreadful account that

my son is distracted. A heavy and bitter affliction to us all! I have written that I fully consent to whatever steps he (Mr. T.) and Mr. Leeds take. My presence will have little effect on him. I soon lost my power, as he grew foolish and wicked at Edinburgh. Had I not the consolation of religion, I should sink under the weight of my affliction; but God has promised that ‘as our day is, so shall our strength be.’

“My confinement in the noxious air of the lazaretto brought on the slow hospital fever; so that I could not stir from Trieste for ten days. The roads were so bad that, in several posts of two German, or ten English miles, I was four and five hours on the road. I only stop to recover my fatigue, and shall set out the beginning of next week. I have an easy and good carriage, which the sub-governor of Trieste spared me for 16*l.* and which occasioned me to draw on you there for 30*l.* I think no more till I come to Amsterdam.

“I am glad we shall succeed in our applications to the committee to lay aside the scheme of erecting a monument, and that the money may be applied to a far better purpose; namely, that of throwing it into a fund for relieving prisoners and reforming prisons.

“I rejoice to hear you are well. Affectionate compliments to Mr. Samuel, Harriot, and Lady St.

John. I would rejoice with those that rejoice.
I am, with all good wishes, ever yours,

“JOHN HOWARD.

“S. Whitbread, Esq., M.P.

“P.S. I shall write to my son ; but he is too ill to come abroad. Nothing but calm and solitary confinement can recover him. I send the copy of a letter which will be presented to the committee by Mr. Willoughby of Oxfordshire, which please not to mention till after their next meeting.”

“Vienna, Dec. 16. 1786.

“Gentlemen,

“I shall ever think it an honour to have my weak endeavours approved by so many respectable persons who devote their time, and have so generously subscribed towards a fund for relieving prisoners and reforming prisons ; but to the erecting a monument, permit me, in the most fixed and unequivocal manner, to declare my repugnancy to such a design, and that the execution of it will be a *punishment* to me : it is therefore ,gentlemen, my particular and earnest request, that so distinguished a mark of me may for ever be laid aside. With great regard, I am, gentlemen, your most obedient servant,

“JOHN HOWARD.”

At Varna Howard's continued weakness did not prevent his persevering inquiry. The

result of his investigation into the various penal and charitable institutions of that city we learn from his own record of a conference with the Emperor, who was exemplary in his government of those establishments. Always averse from ostentation, Howard having travelled from Trieste in the sub-governor's carriage, alighted before he reached the town, as he had previously done at St. Petersburg; but his reputation forbade the obscurity he sought, and through the British ambassador he received a request that he would afford his Imperial Majesty the information he had obtained. Conscious of the honour, yet too much valuing time to waste it in useless converse even with a sovereign, he at once asked, "Can I do any good by going?" at the same time saying that he had many objections to the plans pursued, and that if interrogated he must freely speak his mind. Being assured that good might result, he consented: and the following is his account of the conversation:—

"Christmas Day, 1786, Vienna.—I this day had the honour of near two hour's conversation in

private with the Emperor : his very condescending and affable manner gave me that freedom of speech which enabled me plainly and freely to tell him my mind. His Majesty began on his Military Hospital, then the Great Hospital, also the Lunatic Hospital, the defects of which I told him. On prisons I fully opened my mind ; it pleased God to give me full recollection and speech. His Majesty stopped me, and said, ‘ *You hang in your country.*’ I said ‘ Yes ;’ but death was more desirable than the misery such wretches endure in total darkness, chained to the wall, no visitor, no priest, even for two years together ; it was a punishment too great for human nature to bear, many had lost their rational faculties by it. His Majesty asked me the condition our prisoners were in at London. I said they were bad, but in a way of improvement ; but that all Europe had their eyes on his Majesty, who had made such alterations in his hospitals and prisons. I said the object was to make them *better* men and *useful* subjects. The Emperor shook me by the hand, and said I had given him much pleasure. He freely and openly conversed with me. I admire his condescension and affability, his thirst and desire to do good, and to strike out great objects. He was not a month on the throne before he saw every prison and hospital ; now he continually and unexpectedly looks into all his establishments. The Emperor told his minister he was greatly pleased

with my visit ; I had not pleaded for the prisoners with soft and flattering speech that meant nothing : some things I advised he *should* do, others he should *not* do."

The bold Philanthropist, after this interview, waited two days in the Austrian capital to ascertain whether any happy effect resulted from the faithful expostulation ; and he had the satisfaction to find that orders were issued for the correction of several evils he had pointed out. During this protracted stay his celebrity and the news of his reception at court brought several visitors ; amongst them the Governor of Upper Austria and his countess ; and we have the following notice of the interview : —

"In a tone of *hauteur* the lady inquired into the state of the prisons in the government to which the count had recently been appointed. 'The worst in all Germany,' said Howard, without a moment's hesitation, 'particularly in the condition of the female prisoners ; and I recommend you, countess, to visit them personally, as the best means of rectifying the abuses in their management.' 'I!' said she haughtily, 'I go into prisons!' and she so rapidly descended the staircase

with her husband, that he was afraid some accident would befall them before they got into the street. Yet, notwithstanding the precipitancy of their retreat, the indignant friend of the captive called after her, in a loud tone of voice, ‘Madam, remember that you are a woman yourself, and must soon, like the most miserable female prisoner in a dungeon, inhabit but a small space of that earth from which you equally originated.’

On his return Howard visited public institutions at Frankfort, Aix-la-Chapelle, Utrecht, and Amsterdam, and from a letter written from the last town we learn some interesting particulars of his journey : —

“Amsterdam, Jan. 18th, 1787.

“Dear Sir,

“I came here last night. The slow fever which I got in the lazaretto left me about ten days after my arrival at Vienna; but the private audience with the Emperor further detained me in that city. Being well, I never stopped the first 500 miles of my journey, except for the change of horses, since I had a loaf of bread and apples with me. The remaining 300 I slept on the road, as the nights were so very cold.

“My young man is continually in my thoughts, but God always does right; so I would lay my hand on my mouth and be silent.

“Thanks for your letter at Vienna, and for three I have here received. I propose to be in London February 7th, and shall beg a bed for a night or two in Chiswell Street, before I go into lodgings. I shall probably here draw for 100*l.*, as part will be a deposit in Mr. Hope’s hands, to pay for my plates that are here engraving. With my best respects to my young friends, I ever remain very affectionately yours,

“JOHN HOWARD.

“S. Whitbread, Esq., M. P.

“P. S. The Botany Bay scheme will, I think, in a few years be laid aside ; for though many will die in the long passage, yet others soon will be strong, and then will revolt and escape.

“I hope the statue will be entirely destroyed by my letter, which Mr. Willoughby will deliver on Wednesday se’nnight, as the popular frenzy seems abated. Our ingenious friend Aikin endeavoured by a letter to throw a damp on the scheme at first, but to little purpose. Is it known who wrote the first letter in the magazine? However intentionally good, yet most assuredly a stranger to my temper! Adieu, adieu. J. H.”

Howard was no stranger to sorrow before ; but vain would be any attempt to express the aggravated grief under which he groaned when

on his return a fortnight after the above letter was dispatched he discovered that his beloved son was bound as a raving maniac in his abode at Cardington. He visited the scene of woe; but to remain, when he could afford no relief, — on the contrary, when his very presence seemed to increase the calamity, — had it been possible, would have been imprudent. He therefore returned to London, anxiously desiring to put an end to the more public annoyance which the “Howardian Fund” occasioned. Many of the subscribers were still most desirous of accomplishing the purpose. Prominent amongst these was Mr. Pratt; who on this occasion published, and contributed the profits of his poem “The Triumph of Benevolence.” He has also left on record an interesting conversation with Howard respecting it.*

* “‘Thank you very sincerely,’ said he, taking my hand, ‘for the honour you have done me in your verses. I read them merely as a composition in which the poetical licence has been used to the *utmost*. Poets, you know, my dear sir, always succeed best in *fiction*.’ I assured him that if an agreeable fiction was any test of the poetical art, I could pretend to none, having very closely adhered

As we might conclude from the foregoing, no argument or persuasion could lessen

to *truth*. I added, it was my earnest hope there was no ground for an idea that had gone forth of his refusing the offering of gratitude which his country was preparing for him.

“‘*Indeed, but there is,*’ answered he, with the most lively earnestness; ‘I was never more serious than in my refusal of any and every such offering; and for the simplest reason in the world, — namely, my having no manner of claim to it. What I do, have done, or may hereafter do, is, has been, and will always be, matter of inclination, the gratifying which always pays itself; and I have no more merit in employing my time and money in the way I am known to do, than another man in other occupations. Instead of taking pleasure in a pack of hounds, in social entertainments, in a fine stud of horses, and in many other similar satisfactions, I have made my election of different pursuits; and being fully persuaded a man’s own gratifications are always, more or less, involved in other people’s, I feel no desire to change with any man, and yet I can see no manner of pretension whereon to erect a statue. Besides all which, I have a most unconquerable aversion, and ever had, to have public exhibitions made of me; insomuch, that I protest to you it has cost me a great deal of trouble, and some money, to make this insignificant form and ugly face escape a pack of draughtsmen, painters, &c., that are lying in wait for me.’

“Unless you had personally known Mr. Howard, it is

Howard's repugnance to the proposed statue. To one intimate with him, who had not contri-

impossible you should have the smallest idea of the pleasant manner with which he spoke on his own personal subject:— 'I have detected a fellow at work upon this face of mine, ugly as it is,' said he, 'even as I have been walking in the streets of London; and if a hackney-coach has been within call, I have popped into it, drawn up the blinds, and sat snug till I got to my own door, and then I have leaped out, and run into my own house as if I was apprehensive a bailiff was at my heels. Nay, I have often had my door itself infested by a lurking artist, who was literally in wait to take me off. But one day, since my return, a trick I played one of these takers-off diverted me excessively. You must know I am a great gaper at the novelties that are continually presented at the print-shops in this great city; I was standing at that of Carrington Bowles, in St. Paul's Churchyard, the other day, to look at some political caricatures very pleasantly executed, when, happening to cast my eye side-long, I discovered a fellow operating on my phiz with all his might. Perceiving himself caught in the fact, he lowered his paper, and pretended to be, like myself and a number of others, looking only at the prints. I was just then in the humour to pay off this deception by another; so seeming like him to be wholly engrossed by a figure called Scotch Economy, well calculated to provoke the risible muscles, I threw mine into such contortions, and gave such sudden changes from one deformity to another, that had my painter

buted, he said: "My dear friend, I am sure you know me too well to think it would be acceptable to me. I thank you and all my best friends for not assisting to wound my feelings." He further told them that, had a statue been erected, he should have been banished from his native country for ever. Prince Kaunitz had assured him that, although he might prevent such a monument in England, yet one would certainly be placed in their prisons by the grateful inhabitants of Vienna. To which he answered: "I have no objection to its being erected where it shall be invisible."

Finding that the aversion was invincible, the committee of the "Howardian Fund," which amounted to 1533*l.*, proposed to return all that should be reclaimed. 500*l.* were re-

etched any one of my features in its then position, the resemblance betwixt my actual self and the copy would have been just as striking as—I could desire it to be. The painter, however, at length perceived the stratagem, and smiling as if he gave me credit for it, put his pencil into his pocket and went away. I own I enjoyed the joke, and have since practised it more than once, with no less success."—*Pratt's Gleanings*, vol. i. p.226. *et seq.*

stored to the subscribers; 200*l.* were applied for the liberation of 55 poor prisoners in London; a further sum was expended on a medal for each contributor; and the surplus was reserved for that memorial to his worth, after his decease, the erection of which he constantly deprecated whilst living.

In March, 1787, Howard entered upon another inspection of English prisons; and in May he again embarked to revisit the penal and the charitable establishments in Ireland. He refers to their condition and the cause of prevailing vices in the following letter to his friend: —

“Dublin, June 8th, 1787.

“Dear Sir,

“I had a good passage of twenty-four hours, and as I came by the mail from London I was in Dublin in three days. I soon got into private lodgings, and took my usual rounds of prisons, hospitals, and charter schools. There is a spirit of improvement; but it has to struggle with the vice of persons from the highest to the lowest, who make a job of every public institution.

“Blackburn is gone to Limerick. He will give them a plan, which may be a model for several

other prisons which will soon be built. I meet him next week in his way to Bristol to meet Sir George Paul. I return to Dublin, and soon after I make a tour in the North ; from whence I cross for Glasgow and Edinburgh. In England I hope next session an Insolvent Bill will originate in the Upper House, and then a Reform Bill will properly follow it.

“ In the Report here of the Four Court Marshalsea, which the committee made this year to the —, are these words : ‘ The prison appears a scene of disorder, irregularity, and intoxication.’

“ I am pretty well, considering that affliction which will bring me with sorrow to my grave. But I can rejoice in the success of my friend, and in the very honourable mention made of him, and in his prudently declining any foreign titles. With all esteem, I am, dear sir, your obliged

“ JOHN HOWARD.

“ Samuel Whitbread, Esq., M. P.

“ P. S. I walked some miles out of town (to a charter school), and was surprised to hear that it is a frost every night ; which in this month was never before known.”

The misrule and consequent misery in prisons above described were necessary results when “ drinking was allowed in them to such an

extent that constant fighting and uproar were occasioned. At Newgate one lay dead from this cause in the infirmary, and another was killed in a drunken affray a few days after." Still, amidst many evils and many obstacles to their correction, Howard was glad to report some improvements when again writing from Dublin.

"Dublin, July 6th, 1787.

"Dear Sir,

"The beginning of last week I came from a tour in the south. I set out to-morrow for the western and northern parts of Ireland, in my way to Glasgow, where may I hope in four or five weeks to hear from you.

"I am pretty well, yet have neither the strength nor spirits I had two years ago; though the latter ought to be stronger, if the progressive improvements that are here made would raise them.

"I was two hours with Mr. Orde this morning. He, with the Provost, has taken the charter schools under parliamentary consideration. In this country every public institution is a private emolument; all are corrupt or totally inattentive, from the highest to the lowest. It never can be a rich, united, or independent state. Many parts are as savage as the inland parts of Russia. With much

esteem, and all good—I remain, dear sir, affectionately yours,

“JOHN HOWARD.

“Samuel Whitbread, Esq., M. P.

“P. S. You will favour me with Dr. Munro’s opinion of my poor son. The turn in those disorders is generally in the spring or autumn.”

The prisons of Scotland were next again visited. The state of many may be inferred from that of the House of Correction in Edinburgh, which in terms of remonstrance with the Lord Provost is thus described:—

“In the three close rooms were forty-seven women, some of them lying sick. No magistrate ever looked in upon them, and no clergyman ever attended them, or used any endeavours to reclaim them. The Lord Provost said, they were so hardened it could have no effect. I differed in my opinion from his Lordship; and told him that, on seriously conversing a few minutes with several of them, I saw the tears in their eyes.”

He next resumed the inspection of English prisons; and although his description, “*White, without and foul within,*” was applicable to many,

yet others were greatly improved. At Manchester a “new prison with single cells and separate apartments was building;” and, although Howard is silent upon the subject, this was the inscription on the foundation-stone:—

“That there may remain to posterity a monument of the affection and gratitude of this county to that most excellent person who hath so fully proved the wisdom and humanity of the separate and solitary confinement of offenders, this prison is inscribed with the name of JOHN HOWARD.”

At Gloucester also the plan to which he referred had been adopted; and when Sir G. O. Paul proposed it, he observed:—

“It is impossible to enter on this subject without paying a tribute of respect to the indefatigable Mr. Howard, the presiding genius of reform of these melancholy mansions of oppression and distress:—to him whose disinterested and diffusive philanthropy is scarcely unknown to any, although not attended to as it ought to be by those for whose information his researches and observations are intended; for to him all future reformers are indebted for seeing what they see, and feeling what

they feel, — they only reflect the rays of his benevolence on mankind.”

At this time Howard commenced his sixth tour of benevolence in Ireland, having visited on his way thither several more English and Welsh prisons. Soon after his arrival in Dublin he addressed a letter to his friend :—

“Dublin, April 28. 1788.

“Dear Sir,

“It was with much pleasure I received your kind letter on my return from my tour in the remote parts of this kingdom on the western coast. I leave this city on Thursday, and take the eastern parts; and return by Waterford through South Wales to Bristol and London. I have one journey in England, and then shall go directly to press at Warrington.

“I am sorry to say I know no country that is so profligate, so wild, so cruel ! On the road I myself passed the most cruel murder was committed on the day before ; yet people talk as calmly of it as we do of a pickpocket ; and as to perjury it is a general evil. I shall disclose scenes of oppression and cruelty. I have my own conscience, with the few good to second me, and an army of enemies to oppose. But I bless God that I fear the face of no man. * * *

“The county hospitals, *all* of which I shall have visited before I leave Ireland are a job: but an inquiry will be made, as I got it moved for last session.

“I am pretty well. My new horse holds out; though this is a bad country for English horses.

* * *

“Dr. Arnold has had no money of me since my unhappy son has been there. Many a deep and bitter sigh I have on his account; but my life is wearing away, when I hope all sorrow will be at an end. A little while, then farewell to all my friends! * * *

“* * My mind being strongly impressed with ideas that may be useful, it would be base, it would be cowardly, it would be wicked to retire or not face any danger.

“With my best wishes for your prosperity and happiness, and truly affectionate compliments to my younger friend, I remain most sincerely yours,

“J. HOWARD.”

We trace Howard's progress by another letter to the same friend, and must admire the chastened courage and determined perseverance in well-doing which is evinced, and which neither his severe affliction nor the frowns of opponents could subdue or restrain.

“Cork, May 12. 1788.

“Dear Sir,

“I came from the southern coast to this city on Saturday night. I leave it on Thursday for Waterford, and through the southern parts of Wales, by Bristol, to London ; making my usual visits at the county towns. * * * * I go to press at Warrington, as I am in time for the next sessions should even any part of my plan be adopted. I am pretty well, and pursue my course with calm, steady spirits, fully persuaded in my own mind that I am in the way of duty. Afflictions, you know, I have, but I am not cast down, and I shall face every danger with calmness and resolution ; and, should it please God to give me the health and strength I now enjoy, I shall endeavour to take a far more extensive journey than I have yet taken. As to a return to my own country, there is little probability of it. I have a firm and fixed persuasion, and *that* tried at the bar of a calm judgment, that a retirement to ease would be cowardly, sinful, and base. The season of zeal and activity is passing away ; and fain would I give some check to far greater ravages than (any occasioned by) the destructive weapons of war. Harriet and my younger friends will rank me with enthusiasts, but probably *that* they have long done, yet have patience with me, for *finis coronat opus*.

“ * * * * I give you a great deal of trouble

about money, parcels, &c. &c. With many excuses I remain, your obliged friend and servant,

“JOHN HOWARD.

“Samuel Whitbread, Esq., M. P.

“P. S. I find you have received my Cork box; pray open it, or any thing you think proper: I have no secrets. A line at the post-house, Bristol, will give me much pleasure.”

On his arrival at Clifton, another letter was written to the same friend:—

“Clifton, May 25. 1788.

“Dear Sir,

“I came here yesterday from Milford Haven. I rode; having sent Thomas by the coach, which was overturned, but none of the outside passengers were hurt. This day, a day of rest. I miss many of my old acquaintance at Bristol, who have got the start of me, and gone home.

“I thank you for your kind letter.

“I fear I sadly trouble you with payments, drafts, &c., as I drew at Waterford for ten guineas, and must here for ten more, as I found several objects of misery in Ireland, in my tour of near thirteen hundred miles.

“This journey was taken by the advice of the Lord Lieutenant and others in power; and though a strong remonstrance has been sent in to him, yet I trust a steady perseverance, and a close atten-

tion to facts will triumph over opposition. I rode most of the journey,—some hundred miles by myself. The hired horses for my servant soon tired. A bad country for horses; cruel to them, and cruel to others.

“I have been pure well all the journey, having had plenty of milk and potatoes, very good, in every house. I propose to be in town on the 31st of this month, where I think I shall stay about a fortnight to put my notes in order for the press; and then take (with John Prole) one journey to the south of England, and soon after go to Warrington, my paper being gone down for my intended publication. As soon as I have recovered the fatigue which I have ever found in that part of my business, and *set my house in order*, I propose going abroad; first into Russia by Holland and Germany, and then into Turkey, Egypt, &c. This, by some, will be thought going into the lion’s den, but you will know I have not been a slave to the opinion of others. Yet if I were to give them an answer, it would be that of Daniel, ‘My God can shut the lion’s mouth.’ Or if he has ordered otherwise, I can calmly die. The season of zeal and activity will soon be over. Whilst that fire burns in my breast, fixed, as I am fully persuaded, on right motives, should it abate, and I draw back, my conscience would for ever upbraid me as a deserter from the noblest

cause, the honour of God! whose presence, if it go with me, can make me smile in a dungeon.

“My much esteemed friend will excuse the effusions of my mind on a subject that so engrosses my attention, as he is affectionately yours,

“J. HOWARD.

“S. Whitbread, Esq., M. P.”

Before returning to Bedfordshire the prisons in several other counties were reinspected. They are most of them described as dirty, neglected, and offensive, and the scenes of shocking immoralities. The continuance of the “tap” was a chief cause of these evils, and therefore one which the humane visitor most strongly condemned. A fresh occasion for his doing so arose on finding the keeper of the prison at Windsor had been murdered in his taproom by his prisoners. The prisons and hospitals of the metropolis were also revisited. But amidst these benevolent pursuits, Howard was not unmindful of the welfare of his cottagers, and of his charitable institutions at Cardington. Jealousy and envy amongst the former must be prevented by forbidding encroachments, whilst for the latter there must

be ample provision. It appears from the following letters that some friends had been induced to intercede with the judicious landlord on behalf of some favourite tenants, and his impartiality and the inflexible principle upon which he acted are strikingly shown in his replies.

“ Dear Sir,

“To make that ground square to the destruction of a good barn, and *ruin* of a school-house, will never be consented to. I well know what large cottage-gardens are, and what those of your two first houses a few months ago were. You see how Redman is cramped for garden. Give and take, otherwise I beg that it may be no more mentioned. Harriot, I persuade myself, if she could spare half-an-hour, would see the impropriety of it. A school *house* will be built and endowed if I am spared a few years. I am, dear Sir, affectionately yours,

“ JOHN HOWARD.

“ S. Whitbread, Esq., M. P.”

“ Great Ormond St., Aug. 25. 1788.

“ Dear Sir,

“ I wrote to you last post. It is with concern I deny you, but I persuade myself that on consideration, and on Harriot's viewing the ground, you

will see it in a just light. It is only for the benefit of the school-house that I object. The grounds I have in hand, I propose letting at the old rent to the person who accepts my house for three years, paying the taxes and keeping up the garden and hedges.

“I have written to Dr. Aikin that I shall be at Yarmouth this day sen’night, and pass a week there. At the latter end of next month I shall sit down for some time at Warrington. After which I hope to be three or four weeks at Cardington for rest and quietness, which probably will be the last till in my grave. With affectionate wishes, I remain, sincerely yours,

“ J. H.

“ S. Whitbread, Esq., M. P.”

During Howard’s short visit to Yarmouth, he again wrote to Mr. Whitbread, in a letter dated September 9. 1788, reverting to his plans at Cardington, and expressing a resolution to deny himself to the utmost rather than abandon his benevolent projects. Thus, after providing for “garden enough for the cottagers” he adds:—

“The ground then taken from the intended school-house would be no great detriment to it.

For should I be spared to return, of which indeed there is little probability, I will confine myself to bread and water to accomplish it."

As we might infer from the preceding extracts, the expence of his publications, his journeys, and other humane exertions had exceeded Howard's income. His wants were indeed readily supplied from the wealth of his attached friend; but such munificence he would not encroach upon, hence in a P. S. we read,—

"Mr. Mellish took my Enfield estate at thirty years' purchase, so that soon I shall have an opportunity of thankfully returning the money you were so kind as to lend me."

Howard now proceeded to Warrington, there to publish his work on lazarettos, and, in doing so, to receive the able assistance of Dr. Aikin. Whilst so engaged the following letters were written.

"Warrington, Jan. 1. 1789.

"Dear Sir,

"I thank you for your unwearied kindness and attention. My papers from Dr. Aikin came safe. I go on slowly these holidays, nor have I quickened my press-men as I formerly did, for in this publi-

cation I have been more careful than usual, as I have now spoken my mind on the subject of prisons and imprisonment.

“I have cautiously concealed my thoughts on the *Plague*. Should I live, I will publish an appendix on that subject, when perhaps the world will justify me from the irregularity of interesting myself in such an affair. Before God, I hope it will not be accounted an abuse of my talents.

“The first letter of the new year is most justly your due, as are my best and warmest wishes for your health and happiness, and that many years may be added to your useful and valuable life.

“Affectionate compliments to Harriot, Lady St. John, Mary, and Mr. Samuel. I am, most sincerely yours,

“JOHN HOWARD.

“P.S. Fanny Nesbit is going out apprentice, and must request to draw for 10*l*. I have a little estate in Blackfriars and Ivy Lane, which I shall dispose of before I leave England, and I will settle every other affair before that time—I think May next.

“Warrington, Jan. 15. 1789.

“Dear Sir,

“I hope you have not had the cold so great as it was with us. On Monday the thermometer for many hours stood at 10 degrees, which is 22 degrees below the freezing point. We go on at

the press, but mild weather is best for that work. I hope to finish in a few weeks.

“I see the Duke of Bedford is made Recorder. He will get one member for the town, but can never remove you, if you choose to accept that seat. The town will carry one. How has your colleague voted? I want exercise. These cold mornings punish me. I intend riding most of the way to town next month. I stand every day many hours over the press. The master of it, now Dr. Aikin is gone and the academy removed, is far less attentive to the nicety of the work.

“With most affectionate wishes, I am, dear Sir,
sincerely yours,

“JOHN HOWARD.

“Samuel Whitbread, Esq., M. P.”

Some particulars of his careful superintendence at the press have been preserved. He rose at three o'clock in the morning, took breakfast at six, and was in the printing-office at eight. There the day was spent, except a walk during the dinner-hour. If his attendance increased trouble, ample compensation was made. His presence was sometimes a salutary restraint: all was order where he was. It is especially said that no swearer ever received

his gratuities. The pressman related that on one occasion when leaving the office oaths and curses were heard from a public-house opposite, whereupon Howard, buttoning his pockets, said to the workmen, "I always do this whenever I hear men swear; as I think that any one who can take God's name in vain can steal or do anything that is bad."

And whilst Howard was thus active, there was the same fervour of love towards God, and the same philanthropy in constant exercise. Some maxims in his memorandum-book of this date clearly evince this:—

"Courage and humanity are inseparable friends.

"God will, I trust, accept my sincere intentions, though I effect nothing.

"It has been observed, one has a strange propensity to fix upon some point of time from whence a better course of life may begin: may I not hope, do I not earnestly beg of God, that His grace may be sufficient for me, and his strength perfected in my weakness—that I may from this moment walk with God, adorn my Christian character, be more and more serious, watchful, humble, and, by the sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit, be made

a partaker of the Divine nature, thus formed in me, the hope of glory.

“Employ the time of every Sunday in sacred study and in books in which the spirit of Christianity, piety, and morality prevail.”

The following was written shortly before Howard left Warrington:—

“Warrington, Feb. 7. 1789.

“Dear Sir,

“I thank you for your letter—a letter always gives me pleasure, as I am indeed anxious for your welfare. I this day finish at the press. I stay for several of my books to be put into boards, and see my plates properly placed in them.

“My letter to John Prole is, to come out with the horses this day fortnight, to stay two days at Leicester, and carry some fruit and sweetmeats and see how my son receives them. * * * * *

I thank you for your kind offer; indeed, I know not how I should have gone on had it not been for your repeated assistance. It will be three or four months before I leave England. I must set my house in order. I remain, dear Sir, your affectionate and obliged friend,

“JOHN HOWARD.

“Samuel Whitbread, Esq., M. P.”

Howard's invaluable work was published in Feb. 1789. The language of Cicero was its

appropriate introduction “Nihil est tam regium, tam liberale, tamque munificum, quam opem ferre supplicibus, excitare afflictos, dare salutem, liberare periculis homines;” whilst upon its title-page was inscribed the prayer so familiar to him, and so oft repeated, and for which addition Howard himself assigns a pleasing cause:—

“In attending the service at Lancaster Castle on a Sunday, I observed some of the debtors much affected at this passage in one of the psalms which was read that day,—*O, let the sorrowful sighings of the prisoners come before Thee*,—which gave me the hint of taking it for a motto to my present publication.”

Leaving to others the more easy and less perilous investigation into the causes of human woe, Howard determined again to trace its source where the less ardent would not venture, and to penetrate those inhospitable regions which men in general looked upon as beyond the pale of philanthropy. Russia and Turkey—countries in which the claims of humanity were most violated—he would therefore revisit.

Thither, at the sacrifice of all comfort, and undaunted by any fear of disease or death, he resolved to direct his course. The especial purpose of the tour which he now commenced appears to have been a further effort to prevent the contagion of the plague, or to provide a remedy for that dreadful malady, which, notwithstanding its prevalence and destructive nature, was very little understood.

On his departure, Howard's mind seems to have been firmly impressed with the conviction that he was taking leave of friends for the last time, and his language to them was becoming a Christian thus persuaded. In the Obituary of the Gentleman's Magazine for 1790 it is stated, —

“ Some time before Mr. Howard's last departure from England, in a conversation with his friend Mr. Blackburn, he expressed a conviction that his death was at no great distance, on the ground that his mode of diet, &c. exactly corresponded with that of the Chinese, few of whom survived their 63rd year. On parting with another friend, the Rev. Mr. Palmer, with the cheerfulness of the sure and certain hope which is the privilege of the

Christian, foreseeing by what death he might pass to eternal life, he said, ‘We shall soon meet in heaven ; and the way to heaven from Grand Cairo is as near as from London.’”

The sad condition of his son rendered it needful that Howard should appoint a guardian, and for this office no person could be more fit than Mr. Whitbread, to whom therefore it was entrusted,—and we need scarcely add, by whom it was faithfully discharged, until the death of the unhappy young man, in his thirty-fifth year, freed him from a responsibility in so many respects painful. Having commended his schools and other charitable institutions to the patronage of the same benevolent and trustworthy friend, he embarked, and in a few days wrote,—

“Amsterdam, July 10. 1789.

“Dear Sir,

“The first letter I write on this side the water is your due for your kind assistance in enabling me to prosecute my plan, and also for your noble and generous offer, which I hope I shall never forget. I came over with Mr. Fitzherbert, the new minister plenipotentiary ; and our former acquaintance procured me a bed in his cabin. I proceeded

directly to the capital, and have taken my former rounds, and have been this day over the Stadt-house prison with the Sheriff and President Burgo-master. Things in my line are much smother than on my two last visits. I go for Utrecht on Tuesday, and soon after proceed for Osnaburg, Hanover, and Berlin. I shall not hurry myself on this journey, though I wish to lose no time.

“As to my affairs, I am perfectly easy about them. Having food and raiment, I trust I shall be content. I have lately seen how unfit I am to bustle in the world. My affairs are pretty clear.

* * * * One of my books on Lazarettos, Mr. Harman was so kind as to send for—the late Mayor of Cork. I wish another of those which are at your house was sent to Mr. Pinkstan in St. Alban’s Street, Pall Mall (his name is on the door), who is a very sensible man, and has some time retired from the chirurgical business. He gave James’s powders with success in larger doses than commonly prescribed.

“I shall often wish I was with you to put in a word that might soften the cares and troubles of a world, the more of which we have, the greater our vexations with it. With every good wish, I am, dear Sir, your affectionate friend,

“JOHN HOWARD.

“Samuel Whitbread, Esq., M.P.

“P. S. I hope my friend will check every

thought for Bedford election on *my* part. The uncertainty of my return, my utter dislike to public business, the straitness of my fortune, my time of life, all, all conspire to disqualify me, should I once more see my native country.

“I have now no pain in your selling my two estates, in Ivy Lane and Blackfriars. Adieu! Adieu! A line at the post-house at Hanover will meet and rejoice your friend,

“J. H.

“My spirits calm, smooth, and easy (I bless God), with not one thought or wish to look back.”

By the following letter to the same friend we trace Howard's progress.

“Memel, Aug. 16. 1784.

“Dear Sir,

“I had the pleasure of writing from Amsterdam, since which time, I have visited Osnaburg, Hanover, Brunswick, and *Berlin*, where I stayed twelve days. I was some days at Königsberg, and came here this morning — about 600 miles from Berlin on the confines of Prussia. I soon enter Polish Russia: I go on very well. It perhaps would be vanity in me to mention the attention that is paid me in those towns in which I stay a few days. I think I shall be at Petersburg the end of next week, as neither the scorching winds nor midnight dews affect me.

“There are great crops of grain, particularly of rye, barley, and oats, in every country through which I pass, and great part well got in. My voiture being open gives me an opportunity of seeing more than if in a post-chaise, and it is lighter, so that I have only three post horses, nothing broken, nor any accident (I bless God) hitherto.

“Should you have favoured me with a line, I hope to receive it at Petersburg, as I did not at Hanover. If you now write it must be *poste restante à Varsovie*, as I hope not to be frozen up by an early winter at Moscow.

“I saw by the paper your daughter’s marriage; *I hope* it will be for your mutual happiness. It perhaps put thoughts into —— head, which I could wish were banished for a few years.

“My undertaking may be thought bold; do not let it be thought so. I hope to investigate and ascertain with precision the cause of the plague,—more than is known of the essence and cause of the small-pox, measles, &c.; but, that * * * *† diminish the bitterness of that complaint. But I stop my pen. Every good wish. Dear Sir, yours very affectionately,

“JOHN HOWARD.

“Samuel Whitbread, Esq., M.P.

“P. S. I hope everything is agreeable to my

† These portions of the original letter have perished.

young friends at Cardington. I left no reserve, out they have my full and free consent to do everything that may contribute to their ease and comfort there.

This letter was received Sept. 7th, and I have been favoured with the reply by Mr. Whitbread, some extracts from which will be read with interest both on account of the writer and of him to whom they were addressed.

“Bedwell, Sep. 29. 1789.

“Dear Sir,

* * * * I trust you are in health and spirits wherever this find you, and in a calm state of mind, which is what the cares and business of this world seldom afford. I assure you that this country does your labours justice. They speak of you both in public and in private, amongst all degrees
* * * I have no doubt you will at the last put the Turks into a habit of cleanliness, which, with other of your advice, will prevent the plague raging constantly as it has done hitherto. You must feel wonderful comfort in the kind reception you now meet with, as a friend, not a stranger. You have my prayers that you may return here, and enjoy your friends who will be left. But death will have made great havoc in three years, and probably I shall be gone; but I am perfectly resigned to the

will of my God—*that be done.* * * Our dear afflicted friend at Leicester, Dr. Arnold writes me, is much the same * * I wrote him a letter which he read with a smile on his countenance only. I shall see him soon. All your affairs at Cardington are in order; and I am making the alterations you gave me leave to do: your property shall not suffer by it. * * * Our king is returned to Windsor, I thank God in health, and had a levee at St. James's last week, and bore it exceedingly well. The great alterations in France are alarming to all Europe. The destruction of the Bastille must affect you, as you particularly gave account of the horrors of it, and live to see it erased. People go over on purpose to see the ruins. * * * * Mr. Clarkson, the advocate for the Africans, is at Paris, and writes me that even in this anxious moment the French are likely to abolish the slave trade before we shall, and the Marquis La Fayette is extremely active. Mr. Clarkson says the planters threaten his life, but he *thinks and trusts as Mr. Howard does* that he is doing his duty, and in a good work, and that a good providence ever attends him. * * * What you hinted is come to pass: that it has put something into —— head: I agree with you too soon. But hard to postpone * * * I bless God for all His manifold goodness and mercy to me; for my success in life. He has suffered me to keep up the house of my fathers:

for with my staff, as it were, I passed into the world. I hope that I have an humble, grateful heart. I pray God my children may use the mercy they enjoy to His glory, by doing good in their generation, never forsaking the Lord their maker.

* * * * Mary joins me in most affectionate good wishes. Adieu, my dear friend,

“ S. WHITBREAD.”

Howard now proceeded — through Memel and Mittau, at which places he visited the prisons — to the Russian territories, which he entered by way of Riga. The penal and charitable establishments of course attracted immediate attention. There was little remarkable in the former, but in the Military Hospital he found “ 300 sick, crammed into two dirty and offensive wards,” and the arrangements were in general so faulty that he felt no surprise when told that 500 recruits had lately died there. About ten miles from Riga, Howard visited a prison containing 387 convicts and debtors, all of whom were employed on public works, and a portion of the wages earned by the latter was assigned to their creditors. Here were some who had suffered

the punishment of the knout, whose nostrils were slit and their cheeks marked to denote their condemnation for life. Many were murderers, since capital punishment, as before observed, was at that time professedly not inflicted in Russia for any offence. Amongst these criminals was one who had been the head knout-master at St. Petersburg, and had lately murdered his two colleagues. A dispute arose between himself and one of them when drinking, and the ferocious creature struck off the head of his opponent: the other, who was present, showed some resentment, and immediately shared the fate of his companion. For these atrocious acts the perpetrator had been sentenced to 270 strokes of the knout and to slavery for life.

From Riga Howard proceeded to St. Petersburg, where he despatched another letter to that friend from whose affection and assistance he derived so much comfort and support.

“ St. Petersburg, Sunday, Sep. 6. 1789.

“ My dear Friend,

“ With much pleasure I received your kind letter

in *this city*, as the German post travels slowly. I have been here about a week, and was much surprised to find, for some hundred miles, that the country was all burnt up, and I was informed there had been no rain for several months.

“The rapid improvements in this city are somewhat checked by the war, and some *great* works go on *slowly*. Plans of philanthropy are not forgotten — some *new hospitals* &c. since my last visit. I find if I go to the Black Sea to embark for *Constantinople*, I may wait months for a neutral ship, so that I propose striking through Poland and Hungary, down to Trieste. I shall stop some time at Moscow, Warsaw (where I hope to hear of *your health*), Cracow, Presburg, &c.; and if the winter come quickly on, I shall be at some of those places frozen up, as the river Neva is here shut often in October. The Court and all the attendants are just come to town for the winter, as they have no taste for or experience of our beautiful autumnal days.

“I cannot but approve of my friend’s going out of Parliament, and leaving some of the busy scenes of life to young and active minds. Let us, my dear friend, think of the mercies of so long a life, and offer up songs of praise. Our souls break through the “mist of human things,” and know their emptiness. Ere long we shall be gathered to our fathers, not scattered and lost in the abyss of annihilation,

for we know that ‘our Redeemer liveth.’ We are going to a land peopled with our fathers, and our kindred, and the friends of our youth. This makes us, even amidst our doubts and fears, cry out, ‘I would not live away.’

“I am pretty well. The gout at times gives me mementos, but my abstemious course and water probably keep me on my legs — for what time? I bless God I have no anxiety about that. Should I return, I expect many a pleasant and calm hour in my friend’s *company*.

“With every good wish, and grateful remembrance of your unwearied kindness and generosity, I am to you and yours an affectionate friend,

“J. HOWARD.

“Samuel Whitbread, Esq., M. P.

“P. S. Here and at Moscow, I shall receive of Mr. Cayley 50*l.* of the 100*l.* I left in Mr. Thornton’s hand: the remainder may continue there, as I know not what I may want on my *long* journey. My English guineas have hitherto supplied me; and I have not yet touched any of Herries’ notes, of which I have six 20*l.* Turkey is a cheap country. Hope I shall not be troublesome to my friend for a *long* time. Adieu, adieu! Yours,

“J. H.”

On Howard’s journey a wretched prison at Tver was reinspected: and on reaching Moscow,

his attention was immediately directed to similar establishments in that city.

Throughout these pages we have observed the constancy with which Howard persevered in the execution of plans upon which he had once determined. Neither difficulties nor dangers could interrupt his steadfast endeavours. One motive only could divert the humane traveller from his course. Misery in another direction, which might perhaps be mitigated, always possessed an attractive power. Information of such stayed his progress at this time, and induced him to change the route he had proposed.

By perfidy and violence the Crimea had recently been captured, and, through the insatiable ambition of the Empress Catherine, war with Turkey was still raging; its horrors aggravated, not merely by pestilence which destroyed thousands of her soldiers, but by the atrocities perpetrated upon the enemy, and the cruel manner in which the sick and disabled in her own army were neglected.* Howard

* We witness a more entire fulfilment of Dr. Aikin's

was informed of this, and, as intimated in the following letter, he hastened that, if it were possible, he might afford relief.

“Moscow, Oct. 2. 1789.

“Dear Friend,

“I did myself the pleasure of writing soon after my arrival in this city, and informed you of my intended route through Warsaw and Hungary; but I am since informed of the probability of meeting some neutral ship, and going down the Black Sea to Constantinople. But what has further determined me to take the chance of that route, is, the sickly state of the Russian army on the confines of Turkey, where I hope to do some good; and I shall first, with them, fairly try the powders of Dr. James. My letters at Warsaw I have written to be forwarded to me at Cherson.

“I find by my thermometer the cold is coming on, as every morning it is three or four degrees lower. I shall get away in a few days, and I hope not to be caught by the heavy snows. I am pure well, and my business goes smoothly on. I do not want anything, nor can I for a long time (unless I

remarks in his “Sketch of Howard’s Character,” written in 1792. “The Empress of Russia’s unjust seizure of Lesser and Crim Tartary has been the cause of miseries not to be calculated, to her own subjects and those of Turkey, *and has endangered the tranquillity of all Europe.*” p. 205.

fall into the hands of the wild Tartars), as my friend has so abundantly and generously supplied me. With the warmest wishes of his affectionate and obliged friend,

“JOHN HOWARD.

“Samuel Whitbread, Esq., M. P.”

With a deep commiseration and an earnest desire to relieve distress, Howard undertook a long and dreary journey, first to Crementschuok, where 400 recruits, afflicted with scurvy, were crowded in a small building, and the only food they were allowed was “a sort of water-gruel, sour bread, and still sourer quas:” under this improper treatment half of the patients died; a putrid fever swept them off by scores at a time. Thence he proceeded to Cherson, where he visited a similar institution in a still worse condition, and in which the only attendants upon the sufferers were “men sent from the different regiments, as being useless from stupidity or drunkenness.”

On Howard's way to Cherson a circumstance happened which might have occasioned him serious loss and inconvenience. It is described, with other occurrences, showing the continuance

of his unwearied energy, dauntless courage, and unlimited benevolence, in the last extant letter of our great Philanthropist, and as such, the archives of the world contain few documents to which an equal interest can be attached.

“Cherson, in Tartary, Nov. 14. 1789.

“Dear Sir,

“I wrote to you on my arrival at Moscow, on the first, and permit me to say, constant impression of your kindness. I also wrote to you about a fortnight after, informing you of my intention to visit the army and navy hospitals towards the Black Sea. I was somewhat sensible of the dangers I had to encounter and the hardships I had to endure in a journey 1,300 or 1,400 miles, with only my servant. I went on pretty well till on the borders of Tartary, when, as I depended on my patent chain, my great trunk and hat-box were cut off from behind my chaise. It was midnight, and both of us, having travelled four nights, were fast asleep. However, we soon discovered it, and having soon recovered the shock, I went back directly to the suspected house, and ran in among ten or twelve of the banditti. At break of day I had some secured and search made. My hat-box was found, but my great trunk I almost despaired of, though I stayed before the door in my chaise two days. Providentially, the fourth day it was

found by a peasant. The brass nails glistened in a part where the oilskin was worn. His oxen would not go on; he beat them, but they would not go on; he then saw something, but durst not approach till another peasant came up, when, after signing themselves with the cross, they went up to it and carried it directly to the magistrate of the village. He sent after me to a town about 80 miles off, where I was to stay two or three days, and I returned. I found by my inventory that not a single handkerchief was lost, and they missed about 100 guineas in a paper, in the middle of the trunk. My return stunned them. All would have been moved off before light. I have broken up the band; four will go into ——. I am well. My clothes and bedding I think warmer since I got them out of the fire. I saw some other travellers, who were robbed and had lost their money and goods on the road.

“Thomas (his servant) showed me his marketing. A quarter of lamb, that he said would cost 5s., he had paid $7\frac{1}{2}d.$ for. My marketing is a good melon for $1\frac{1}{4}d.$, which supplies my English luxury of currants with my bread and tea. I have visited the hospital here, in which there are about 800 sick recruits. I have this week been (only) about 40 miles, for, between —, a deserted town, and Otschakow, lies the army hospital. There I stayed two or three days, as I found about 2,000 sick and

wounded. They are dreadfully neglected. A heart of stone would almost bleed! I am a spy, a sad spy on them, and they all fear me. The abuses of office are glaring, and I want not courage to tell them so.

“I have just received your kind letter from Warsaw. I read it over and over again with fresh pleasure. I exult in the happiness and prosperity of your house, and that my young friend likes Cardington.

“I shall be moving for the Navy Hospital, at Sebastopol, in the south of the Crimea, about the end of the year; and I hope by some means to be at Constantinople the beginning of March.

“The wild Cossacks who live under ground in the Crimea must look sharp if they rob me, as I will not go to sleep any night on the road, and I am well armed. I am persuaded no hurry or fear will be on my mind. My journey, I still think, will engage me for three years; and, as I have a year's work in England, I think little of Cardington.

“The land for several hundred miles is the finest garden mould, not a stone mixed with it, nor a single tree, nor any inhabitants. A person may have any quantity for ten years, and after that by paying the Empress fifteen roubles (about 1½ guineas a year). Fine haystacks a person showed me: two thirds he took, and one third he gave the Empress, but no rent. He said he had bought fine

meat for less than a $\frac{1}{2}d.$ a pound before the army came into this country.

"I shall, I understand, take possession of some poor Turk's deserted house in the Crimea for two months. As I am well informed, there were double the number of inhabitants in the capital than there are now in all that fine country.* The cruelty of the Russians forced 100,000 to quit their country. Great things are expected on the great St. Nicholas's day (next month). He is the patron saint of this country, who assisted them in destroying 4,000 or 5,000 men, women, and children at Otschakow last year, on his day. But as our trades are different I wish to have no further acquaintance with that saint. Ever wishing to be with my affectionate friend.

"JOHN HOWARD.

"Samuel Whitbread, Esq., M.P."

* A more recent traveller says of the southern part of the Crimea, "It is entirely protected from all the rough winds of the north, whilst it lies open to the warm breezes that blow across the Southern Sea. It enjoys consequently an exceedingly mild climate, which allows the vine, the olive, the laurel, the pomegranate, and in short all the fruits of an Italian sky, to come to perfection. The greatest care has, naturally, been bestowed on the cultivation of this favoured region, and its attractions have, of course, drawn towards it many foreigners."

— *Kohl's Russia — The Crimea.*

The interest which must henceforth attach to the Crimea may ensure the reader's approval, if some circumstances of its capture be described, as explanatory of Howard's reference to the cruelty by which it had been depopulated.

The inhabitants of this peninsula had been under the despotism of the Turks about two centuries, when by the treaty of Rutschuk Kainardji, in 1774, Catherine procured the independence of the Khan. From this time she seems to have regarded the Crimea as a province of Russia, and although her sinister designs were carefully concealed, yet she at once adopted plans for its capture as base and perfidious as the subsequent means for its continued subjection were barbarous and cruel. Potemkin, her unprincipled favourite, was a man well adapted to accomplish her purposes. By the last treaty with the Turks it was stipulated that Shahin Ghirei, one of the family of the khans, who had been a prisoner at St. Petersburg, should be placed on the throne of the Crimea, an arrangement which directly tended to the

preponderance of Russian influence in his councils, and in furtherance of which an intriguing minister was maintained at his court, through whose crafty suggestions many ill-judged plans were pursued and enormous sums were expended, which compelled the Khan to make equal demands on his subjects. This naturally excited their discontent; the disaffection was fomented, and they were stimulated to rebel. A revolt at last occurred, and the affrighted sovereign only saved himself by flight. In this emergency he was induced to seek the assistance of his treacherous ally. The success of the stratagem was now ensured. Russian troops immediately entered and established themselves in the Crimea; they seized upon all its fortifications, and, under pretence of punishing the insurgents, put to death all who opposed their violence, and so oppressed and plundered others, whose lives were spared, that they abandoned their homes, and were compelled to leave a country infested with such rapacious intruders. A Russian army encamped at Karasubazar, and thither the Khan returned; but it was rather to

be treated as a captive than to be restored to his throne. He was then persuaded to condemn his nobles, now subdued, to be stoned to death, an act which, whilst it destroyed those who might have supported him in some measure against Russian aggression, effectually estranged from him the rest of his subjects.

Too late did the deluded prince perceive the machinations by which he had been ensnared, and desire to free himself from an alliance so destructive. As a sovereign he was powerless; none recognised his authority, and as a prisoner in the midst of the Russian army resistance was vain. Having obtained possession of his country under pretext of restoring him to his throne, his perfidious allies now demanded his abdication, and that he should declare his family to be rightfully deposed. The proposal was received with indignation, and when a more magnificent court at St. Petersburg, with a pension of 100,000 roubles, and a participation in the splendour which surrounded the Empress, were further offered, the conditions were rejected with disdain. The learned traveller, Dr. Clarke,

has described in forcible language the consequences which ensued.

“ The Khan saw the snare into which he had fallen ; but there was no method of liberating himself. He retained, however, sufficient firmness to persist in a refusal : in consequence of this, force completed what entreaty was unable to accomplish. He was dragged as a prisoner to Kaluga, from which place he was not permitted to move. In his miserable condition, finding that neither his pension was paid, nor any single engagement of the Russians fulfilled, he insisted upon going to Petersburg, but was told it could not be permitted. At last giving himself over entirely to despondency, he exclaimed, ‘ Let me be consigned as a victim to the Turks ; they will not deny me at least the privilege of choosing the manner of my death, since my enemies have resolved on my destruction ! ’ The unparalleled cruelty of the Russians suggested the propriety of acceding to this request. They exposed the unfortunate prince upon the Turkish frontier, where he was taken, and, being afterwards sent to Rhodes, was *beheaded*.

“ If it be now asked how the Russians have conducted themselves with regard to the Crimea, after the depravity, the cruelty, and the murders, whereby it was obtained, the answer may be given in a few words. They have laid waste the country, cut

down the trees, pulled down the houses, overthrown the sacred edifices of the natives, with all their public buildings; destroyed the public aqueducts, robbed the inhabitants, insulted the Tahtars in their acts of public worship, torn up from the tombs the bodies of their ancestors, casting their relics upon dunghills, and feeding swine out of their coffins; annihilated all the monuments of antiquity, breaking up alike the sepulchres of saints and pagans, and scattering their ashes in the air. ‘AUFERRE, TRUCIDARE, RAPERE FALSIS NOMINIBUS, IMPERIUM; ATQUE UBI SOLITUDINEM FACIUNT, PACEM ADELLANT.’”*

Surely the deprivation of a province obtained by such base treachery and atrocious violence is the least retribution deserved!

But these enormities on the part of Russia did not cease with the capture and subjugation of the Crimea. Dr. Clarke, whilst travelling, witnessed some shocking instances of savage barbarism towards unhappy survivors of that event. One of the Russian commanders, he tells us, informed him, with apparent satisfaction, that

“When the Mullas, or Tahtar priests, ascended

* Clarke's Trav., vol. ii. 178—9.

the minarets at midday to proclaim the hour of noon, according to their usual custom, the Russian soldiers amused themselves by firing at them with muskets." *

Again, what could be more exasperating, either to Tahtar or Turk, than the fanaticism, mischief, or malevolence which prompted the Russian officers to amuse themselves in beholding what is further described :

"Tall and stately minarets, whose lofty spires added grace and dignity to the town (Caffa) were daily levelled with the ground. These, besides their connection with the religious establishments for whose maintenance the honour of the Russian empire had been pledged, were of no other value to their destroyers than to supply a few soldiers with bullets, or their officers with a dram. We were in a Turkish coffee-house at Caffa when the principal minaret, one of the ancient and characteristic monuments of the country, was thrown down with such violence, that its fall shook every house in the place. The Turks, seated on divans, were smoking ; and when this is the case, an earthquake will scarcely rouse them ; nevertheless, at this flagrant act of impiety and dishonour, they all rose, breathing out deep and bitter curses against

* Travels, p. 173.

the enemy of their Prophet. Even the Greeks, who were present, testified their anger by similar imprecations. One of them, turning to me, and shrugging his shoulders, said, with a countenance of contempt and indignation, *Σκύθαι!* Scythians! * a common term of reproach."

But reverting to Howard's narrative, we find that not only were these atrocious acts perpetrated by Russia against its nominal allies, but that, with scarcely less barbarity, thousands of its own subjects and soldiers, when sick or disabled, were abandoned and allowed to perish.

The following statement concerning the Philanthropist appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine, January 1790:—

"Mr. Howard, on the 17th of Nov. was at Cherson, in Little Tartary, to the north of the Black Sea, in his way to Turkey, visiting the army and navy hospitals in that part of the Russian dominions, after having visited those of Riga, Cronstadt,

* Dr. Clarke does not tell us why this was an opprobrious epithet. The Scythians were uncivilised and merciless invaders, and the Cimmerians, the first known inhabitants of the Crim, had been subdued by them, B.C. 665. Some tradition of their ravages probably perpetuated this term of reproach.

&c., which he found throughout in such sad order as would have given credibility, had it wanted it, to the information he had received from good authority, that no less than the shocking number of seventy thousand recruits, sailors and soldiers, had died in that country in the course of the preceding year; owing, undoubtedly, in a great measure, to inattention, ignorance, and inhumanity, whose influence is always checked at least, if it cannot be overcome, by his persevering benevolence, his fortitude, and his skill, wherever human misery attracts this friend to every clime, this patriot of the world."

Howard made an excursion from Cherson to Witowka, continuing his inspection of these loathsome receptacles, in which the calamities of their inmates were aggravated, instead of being relieved, and numbers became victims of impurity and neglect. Grieved at the sight, he here observes—

"When I saw so many brave fellows, who had fought so well for their country before Otschakow, suffered to perish here with filth, neglect, and vermin, how did my heart melt within me!"

The few who survived such cruel negligence, and who when convalescent were discharged

from these wretched abodes, were destined to further perils, and exposed to death in a still more frightful form. Howard saw a number of these, just recovering, miserably clad, wet and shivering, under orders to walk several miles to the next town, and felt no surprise when he learned that some were seen lying dead by the road-side. Nor could he wonder at the crowded state of the hospitals when he became acquainted with the miserable quarters in which the Russian soldiers passed the winter. Instead of being lodged in barracks, or even encamped, as the troops of other countries, they were encaved, and buried in damp and dismal holes covered with sticks and earth, with only a hole at the top for the supply of air and the escape of smoke.

Howard's attention was next directed to an hospital for recruits and prisoners of war, consisting of four rooms, near the new town of St. Nicholas, which was then building. Three hundred poor objects were crammed into these confined apartments: their food was black and heavy, and their quas sour. The inspection

was made by appointment, and our humane countryman was accompanied by the Brigadier Falagef, and a physician sent by Prince Potemkin. Preparation was therefore made for the reception of the visitors: a partial cleansing had taken place, new coverlids had been distributed, and the surgeons were in attendance. To the government officials all seemed to be satisfactory. But such an inspection was little in accordance with Howard's practice. Experience had taught him that it was well to make some previous inquiries, and then to pay an unexpected visit. The latter had been prevented in this instance, but the former preliminaries had neither been forgotten nor neglected. He had ascertained that, instead of the reported three hundred, there were five hundred patients in this hospital. Suspecting therefore that some were concealed when those prepared for inspection had been shown, he requested to see the remainder. Surprised at the demand, but perceiving that their sharp-sighted visitor was not to be deceived, after a time permission was granted, and several

officers accompanied him in his further investigation, the result of which is thus described :

“He found fifty objects of such extreme wretchedness as, in the whole course of his extensive visits to the abodes of misery and vice, he had never before seen together. Most or all of them were recruits, in the prime of life, many of whom were dying upon a bed of hard coarse reeds, without linen or coverlids, with nothing, indeed, but a few remnants of their old clothes to cover them; their persons dirty beyond description, and with their shirts in rags. With every kindlier feeling of his nature shocked beyond description at so barbarous a scene, our intrepid countryman turned to the officers at his side, and, directing their attention to their fellow-creatures who were thus inhumanly treated, told them, in a tone of the bitterest reproof, ‘that in none of the countries he had ever visited had he found so little attention paid to the military as in Russia. He knew, however,’ he added, ‘that what he said would have no other effect on them but to make them despise him, but he should assuredly relate what he had with so much concern and indignation beheld.’ As he had anticipated, his military auditors immediately left him.”

Apparently spirit-broken at the sight of so much suffering which he had so little power to

relieve, he concludes his remarks upon these poor victims of oppression and neglect in the following pathetic strain :—

“Let but a contemplative mind reflect a moment upon the condition of these poor destitute wretches, forced from their homes and all their dearest connections, and compare them with those one has seen, cheerful, clean, and happy at a wedding or village festival; let them be viewed quitting their birth-place, with all their little wardrobe, and their pockets stored with rubles, the gifts of their relations, who never expect to see them more; now joining their corps in a long march of one or two thousand wersts; their money gone to the officer who conducts them and defrauds them of the government allowance; arriving fatigued and half-naked in a distant dreary country, and exposed immediately to military hardships, with harassed bodies and dejected spirits;—and who can wonder that so many droop and die, in a short time, without any apparent illness? The devastations I have seen made by war among so many innocent people, and this in a country where there are such immense tracts of land unoccupied, are shocking to human nature.”

On his return to Cherson he revisited the hospitals, and was glad to find that some better regulations had been adopted, but the diet of

the inmates was still insufficient and of an improper description, whilst drunkenness and its attendant vices disgraced those to whose care they were entrusted.

The presentiment of his death, which Howard had expressed to so many of his friends before he left England, had not been dispelled by change of scene and active exertion. The mortality he witnessed was perhaps calculated to deepen that impression, and his memoranda prove that it was permanent. Living in habitual preparation, he constantly looked forward with holy complacency to that event. The state of mind in which he contemplated its approach is shown in the following extract:—

“I am a stranger and pilgrim here, but I trust, through grace, going to a land peopled with my fathers and my kindred, and the friends of my youth. And I trust my spirit will mingle with those pious dead, and be for ever with the Lord.”

Soon, indeed, was the expecting spirit of the Christian Philanthropist to realise that enjoyment which by faith and hope he could now anticipate. Men acquainted with his venture-

some endeavours for the relief of others had long believed that he must one day be the victim of such perilous benevolence. But his life was not lost, as men anticipated it would be, in the prison, the hospital, or the pest-house, where poverty, privation, and vice engendered diseases the most loathsome, and produced misery in its most malignant form. Amidst these yawning sepulchres Howard had lived for years, and was still preserved. Neither the infectious fever nor yet the contagious pestilence had influence or power under the most threatening circumstances whilst Providence restrained them; yet no sooner was that protection—in wisdom, and not less in goodness—withdrawn, than, where danger was comparatively unexpected, disease and death prevailed.

Whilst Howard was at Cherson, the fortress of Bender was taken from the Turks; but, as the winter was far advanced, the Russian commander would not further prosecute the war at that period. Permission was therefore given to the officers to visit Cherson. They came

elated with victory, and the citizens shared the joy of their triumph. It was a time of general festivity. Assemblies, balls, and masquerades, in rapid succession, rendered the neighbourhood a scene of gaiety and dissipation. This was soon interrupted. The victors so gladly welcomed had brought with them an enemy far more formidable than those foes which they had vanquished. A fever, similar to that which had raged with so much virulence amongst the troops, showed itself at Cherson, and swept off numbers of its inhabitants. The surrounding families had shared in the mirth and amusements of the crowded city, and they must now participate in its grief and gloom. Amongst those who took part in those diversions was a young lady who resided about sixteen miles distant. She caught the infection, and it assumed a dangerous aspect. Howard's wide-spread reputation as a physician induced her friends earnestly to entreat his attendance and advice. To this he at first objected that he administered only to the poor, and not to those who could afford to pay for

proper medical treatment. The present case, however, was one of peculiar distress, and the tender-hearted Philanthropist was prevailed upon to visit the sufferer. He prescribed, and the visit was repeated. He then directed that, if the medicines produced a favourable effect—of which, however, he had little hope—information should be sent to him at Cherson, and promised that he would see his patient again. The means were in some measure successful, and a letter was accordingly sent, earnestly requesting his immediate attendance. This letter miscarried, and did not reach Howard until eight days after its date. Fearing that fatal consequences might result from the delay, without a moment's hesitation he resolved to go. The weather was most inclement, the cold intense, the rain fell in torrents, and no vehicle could be at once obtained. These obstacles could not restrain the anxious Philanthropist. There was distress,—perhaps aggravated by his apparent indifference; and he might possibly afford relief. No difficulty, fatigue, or danger, under such circumstances,

could deter him from making the attempt. Nothing better than an old dray-horse could be found to convey him; and, therefore, mounted upon that, he determined to prosecute the journey. On his arrival he found the poor sufferer in a dying state. Disregarding his own condition, although wet, fatigued, and distressed, he devoted his whole attention to the object of his solicitude. He first administered a medicine to excite perspiration, and then carefully watched the result. His skill, sedulity, and self-denial were unavailing; and the poor victim of the gay and festive assemblies at Cherson died the next day. Howard felt that he had caught the fever. He immediately returned to Cherson, and did not leave his lodgings for a day or two after, when, seeming convalescent, he accepted an invitation to dine with Admiral Mordvinof.

Although it is in the life of holy self-denial and constant activity in the service of God, and for the sake of man, that the Christian discerns the power of religious principle, the operation of divine grace, and the proof of an evangelic

faith; yet the character appears more attractive, and the example more effectual, if the end of such a course is enlivened by a blessed hope, and if, when the labours have ceased, the language of happy anticipation is heard. Such testimony to the faithfulness of God, and evidence of promises fulfilled, provide a further motive to imitation, and afford encouragement to steadfast perseverance, holy diligence, and patient endurance; in hope that we, following the good examples of those who have died in faith, may with them be partakers of joy and felicity. The last days of Howard afford this additional value to his most exemplary life; and the few expressions which have been preserved, whilst they convince us that when he rested from his labours he received his reward, seem by this very assurance to gild those deeds with augmented lustre, and to reflect upon them some measure of that glorious recompence which was their sure result.

Three or four days before his death, the following records of his devout gratitude and humble confidence were inserted in his memorandum book :

“May I not look on present difficulties, or think of future ones, in this world, as I am but a pilgrim or wayfaring man, that tarries but a night? This is not my home, but may I think what God has done for me, and rely on His power and His grace; for His promise, His mercy, endureth for ever: but I am faint and low, yet I trust pursuing the right way, though too apt to forget my Almighty Friend and my God.

“O my soul! remember and record how often God has sent an answer of peace, mercies in the most seasonable times, how often better than thy fears, exceeding thy expectations. Oh why should I distrust a good and faithful God? In His word He has said, ‘In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He will direct thy path.’ Lord! leave me not to my own wisdom, which is folly; nor to my own strength, which is weakness. Help me to glorify Thee on earth, and to finish the work Thou givest me to do, and to Thy name alone be all the praise!”

The sentences which follow were probably the last which Howard ever wrote. The Christian reader will not deem them less interesting, instructive, and satisfactory because they represent no rapturous emotion, but rather describe a deep sense of personal unworthiness,

accompanied with a simple dependence upon the Redeemer's merits :—

“ Oh that the Son of God may not have died for me in vain.” “ I think I never look into myself but I find some corruption and sin in my heart : O God ! do thou sanctify me, and cleanse the thoughts of my depraved heart ! ”

During his stay at Cherson, Howard constantly visited Admiral Priestman, who was also residing there. Some days having passed without having seen his friend, the Admiral called upon him, and found him sitting before a stove in his bed-room, and evidently very ill. An account of the interview has been preserved : * —

“ On inquiring after his health, he replied that his end was approaching very fast, that he had several things to say to him, and thanked him for having called upon him. The Admiral, concluding from his answers that he was in a melancholy mood, endeavoured to turn the conversation, ima-

* Dr. Clarke received the account of Howard's last days from Admirals Mordvinof and Priestman. See *Travels*, vol. ii. 339. *et seq.*

gining the whole or the principal part of his disorder might be the mere effect of low spirits. Howard, however, assured him that it was not ; and added, in a very impressive yet cheerful manner, ‘ Priestman, you style this a dull conversation, and endeavour to divert my mind from dwelling upon death ; but I entertain very different sentiments. Death has no terrors for me : it is an event I always look to with cheerfulness, if not with pleasure ; and, be assured, the subject is more grateful to me than any other. I am well aware that I have but a short time to live ; and my mode of life has rendered it impossible that I should get rid of this fever. If I had lived as you do, eating heartily of animal food, and drinking wine, I might, perhaps, by altering my diet be able to subdue it. But how can such a man as I am lower his diet who has been accustomed for years to exist upon vegetables and water, a little bread and a little tea ? I have no method of lowering my nourishment,—and therefore I must die. It is such jolly fellows as you, Priestman, who get over these fevers.”

This conversation was then followed by some directions respecting his funeral and place of interment.

“ ‘ There is a spot,’ said he, ‘ near the village of Dauphigny ; this would suit me nicely : you know

it well, for I have often said that I should like to be buried there. And let me beg of you, as you value your old friend, not to suffer any pomp to be used at my funeral; nor any monument nor monumental inscription whatsoever, to mark where I am laid; but lay me quietly in the earth, place a sundial over my grave, and let me be forgotten.’”

Feeling that his end was rapidly approaching, Howard expressed a desire that no time might be lost in obtaining the burial-place of which he had spoken; and his friend therefore, with some reluctance, left him for that purpose.

At this time a letter from England was brought to Howard, informing him that the writer had lately seen his son, and expressing a hope that on his return he would find him decidedly better. Cheered in his last hours by this pleasing intelligence, he charged Thomasson, by whom the letter was read to him, that if, by the blessing of God, his son's reason should ever be restored, he would assure him how much and how fervently he had prayed for his happiness. Reverting then to the spot in which he was anxious to be interred, and which we are told was probably selected “from

its being situated in the grounds of a French gentleman who had showed him many acts of kindness during his residence at Cherson," he remarked that he should be "as near to heaven there as if brought back to England;" and added, that he had long felt no other wish for life than as it afforded him the means of relieving the distresses of his fellow-creatures. As soon as Admiral Priestman had executed his commission he returned to his dying friend, who revived at the assurance that his desires should be fulfilled; and then, referring to the gratifying account just received of his son, he said, "Is not this comfort for a dying father?" One further request was then made, prompted by his repugnance to the superstitious rites of the Greek Church, and his appreciation of the solemn and very instructive service of the Church of England. He desired his friend to prevent all interference on the part of the Russian priests, and begged that when his body was committed to the tomb he would himself read over it the burial-service of the Church of his own land. After this he was

silent, and only nodded assent when it was proposed that a physician should be sent for. This was done, but he did not arrive until just before Howard expired. The event occurred at eight o'clock in the morning of January 20th, 1790.

Thus did the spirit of Howard depart to enter into the joy of that Master whose example he had followed, in that he went about doing good. Wafted to Paradise by angels who had watched his course and ministered to his wants, and welcomed by other blessed spirits who had preceded him, thenceforth to participate their bliss, he now awaits the full fruition of a glorious reward proportioned to his works of faith and labours of love. By the records of his life, "he being dead yet speaketh;" and if the reader and the writer listen to such instruction, and learn its profitable lessons so as to imitate the practical piety which adorned his holy profession, then shall the happiness of both be insured, and the Christian philanthropy of Howard—although never limited to the furtherance of temporal welfare—shall be found

in its results to have surpassed even his intentions, and, by promoting our own increase of holiness, tend to augment our felicity in heaven.

The death of Howard was, even in Russia, deemed a national calamity; and, however desirous his friends might have been to comply with his wishes by preventing the parade of a public procession or display of any kind at his funeral, yet so deeply was the loss deplored, and so anxious were all classes to testify their grief,—and many their gratitude,—that, on the day appointed for the interment, thousands assembled to escort the body to its grave. A bier, drawn by six horses, was provided, on which the coffin was placed; this was followed by the carriages of the Prince of Moldavia, by those of Admirals Priestman and Mordvinof, of the general and staff-officers of the garrison, and of the magistrates and merchants of Cherson: a large body of cavalry, accompanied by other persons, attended on horseback, and between two and three thousand on foot. This mixed concourse—some attracted by admiration and the desire to do honour to one so

worthy, others constrained by a sense of their loss, and lamenting one whom in distress they had learned to love — travelled slowly to the chosen spot, and there deposited that body which, having been so much the instrument of good on earth, we may hereafter distinguish in heaven shining with surpassing glory.

Instead of the sun-dial, a small pyramid was erected over Howard's grave. This was preserved whilst those who had known and revered him survived; but, subsequently, when Dr. Clarke visited the spot, it was in a dilapidated state; and a few years later, when Bishop Heber saw it, this unworthy monument was in a still worse condition.

Whatever may have been the epitaph on this pyramid, it was probably effaced even before Dr. Clarke's visit, or it would have been transcribed by him. Whether the following interesting letter and inscription from the pen of Cowper, and addressed to the celebrated sculptor Bacon, relates to this monument, or to another proposed at Cherson, I have carefully inquired, but cannot ascertain.

“ Weston Underwood, Sep. 7. 1790.

“ Dear Sir,

“ I have found no need to make a new inscription, your own being in respect of the matter of it unimprovable. The alterations that I have made in the expression I have made merely on this principle, that the merit of all monumental writing consists in a strict adherence to classical neatness of phrase and connection, that the members of which the whole consists may slide handsomely into each other, and that there may not be one syllable redundant.

“ You will find my labours on the other side, for which I can say nothing but that I have done my best, which *best* is always most readily at your service. I am, with Mrs. Unwin’s respects, yours dear Sir, very affectionately,

“ John Bacon, Esq.”

“ WM. COWPER.

Sacred to the Memory of
JOHN HOWARD,
who

Devoted Life and Fortune to the service of his fellow-creatures,
Author of many merciful regulations
In the Gaols of his own native England.
He compassed Europe
That he might communicate them
To other countries also.
Prompted forth a second time
By the desire and hope
Of alleviating that dreadful calamity the Plague,
He terminated his course of Benevolence

At this place,
Jan. 9. 1790, aged 58.*
He united in his character
Many virtues,
Each worthy of a Memorial,
All springing from the Faith and animated by the Charity
Of a Christian.
He refused a Statue at home,
But has here a Monument
That posterity may share with us the benefit of his example.

When the intelligence of Howard's death was received in England, and announced in the *Gazette* of March 23d, 1790, — a distinction which had never before been conferred upon any private person, — all felt that they had lost a friend, and under a sense of that loss there was very general lamentation. Innumerable were the tributes to his memory for which a space was sought in the leading periodicals of the day. Many were published, but only a small proportion of the whole; whilst from the pulpit, the platform, and even the theatre, the piety, philanthropy, and exemplary virtue of Howard were proclaimed and applauded.

* These figures are not correct.

Howard's request as to the memorial-tablet, the inscription of which he had dictated, and which he desired should be placed under that of his beloved wife in Cardington church, was now complied with. It tells that —

JOHN HOWARD

DIED AT CHERSON, IN RUSSIAN TARTARY,
JANUARY 20TH, 1790, AGED 64.

CHRIST IS MY HOPE.

In that simple tablet the Christian reader cannot fail to discern an evidence of humility, firm reliance on a Saviour's merits, and faith in Him; and, as an indication of those graces, that plain marble slab is more expressive of Howard's praise, and more honourable to his memory, than the finest monument ever carved by the most distinguished sculptor, or the most laudatory epitaph ever written. But whilst we point to the sequestered church at Cardington for this interesting memorial of his personal and private excellence, it is also our pleasing task to direct the reader to the most conspicuous cathedral of our country, that he may there learn the estimate of his public character and

philanthropic service, formed by a grateful nation. Large additions were made to the fund collected during the lifetime of Howard, and a magnificent statue by Bacon was erected in St. Paul's. It was the first national tribute to departed worth ever placed within that sacred edifice.*

* Amongst the letters of Howard preserved by Mr. Whitbread, was the following, respecting this monument, from Sir Joshua Reynolds : —

“July 24. 1791.

“Sir,

“I am desired to acquaint you that the Committee of Academicians appointed to superintend the monument to be erected in St. Paul's Cathedral, having seen the design by Mr. Bacon for the intended monument to Mr. Howard, and finding that it is to consist of two figures, are of opinion that such a group will not properly correspond to the monument of Dr. Johnson, which is to be only a single figure. If, upon reconsideration, your Committee still think that a group is absolutely necessary, the Committee of St. Paul's will endeavour to find out another situation in the church proper for Mr. Howard's monument.

“The Committee meet in St. Paul's for this purpose on Friday, the 29th inst., unless they hear to the contrary.

(Signed)

“J. REYNOLDS.”

The inscription sets forth Howard's claim to such pre-eminence : —

This extraordinary man had the fortune to be honored

Whilst living,

In the manner which his virtues deserved :

He received the thanks

Of both Houses of the British and Irish Parliaments,

For his eminent services rendered to his country

And to mankind.

Our national prisons and hospitals,

Improved upon the suggestions of his wisdom,

Bear testimony to the solidity of his judgment,

And to the estimation in which he was held

In every part of the civilized world ;

Which he traversed to reduce the sum of

Human misery.

On the cover of the above letter Mr. Whitbread has written —

“ My answer was —

“ Sir,

“ I am unable of myself to give any answer to the contents of your favour of the 24th, but I will acquaint Mr. Nicholls by this post.

“ However, I will take the liberty to remark that, whatever alteration is made for Dr. Johnson's monument, it is my sincere wish that the place appointed for Mr. Howard's may not be altered.

“ Sir, yours, &c.

“ Tunbridge.”

“ S. W.

From the throne to the dungeon his name was mentioned
With respect, gratitude and admiration.

His modesty alone

Defeated various efforts that were made during his life

To erect this statue,

Which the public has now consecrated to his memory.

He was born at Hackney in the county of Middlesex,

Sept. 11d, MDCCXXVI.

The early part of his life he spent in retirement,

Residing principally upon his paternal estate,

At Cardington, in Bedfordshire:

For which county he served the office of Sheriff

In the year MDCCLXXIII.

He expired at Cherson, in Russian Tartary, on the

XXth of Jan. MDCCXC.

A victim to the perilous and benevolent attempt

To ascertain the cause of, and find an efficacious

Remedy for the plague.

He trod an open but unfrequented path to immortality

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